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Large-Paper Edition

THE

COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS

OF

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

IN EIGHT PARTS

THE

COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS

OF

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

THE TEXT NEWLY COLLATED AND REVISED
AND EDITED WITH A MEMOIR
AND NOTES BY

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

VOLUME FOURTH

PART TWO

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JUVENILIA

The *Juvenilia* were published in part by Shelley, but mainly by Medwin, Rossetti and Dowden, as shown by the footnotes. In this division all verse earlier than *Queen Mab* is included, except what is placed under DOUBTFUL, LOST AND UNPUBLISHED POEMS.

VERSES ON A CAT

I

A CAT in distress,
Nothing more, nor less;
Good folks, I must faithfully tell ye,
As I am a sinner,
It waits for some dinner
To stuff out its own little belly.

II

You would not easily guess
All the modes of distress
Which torture the tenants of earth;
And the various evils,
Which like so many devils,
Attend the poor souls from their birth.

III

Some a living require,
And others desire
An old fellow out of the way;
And which is the best
I leave to be guessed,
For I cannot pretend to say.

IV

One wants society,
Another variety,

Verses on a Cat. Published by Hogg, *Life of Shelley*, 1858, and dated 1800.

Others a tranquil life;
Some want food,
Others, as good,
Only want a wife.

V

But this poor little cat
Only wanted a rat,
To stuff out its own little maw;
And it were as good
Some people had such food,
To make them *hold their jaw!*

OMENS

Hark! the owlet flaps his wings
In the pathless dell beneath;
Hark! 'tis the night-raven sings
Tidings of approaching death.

EPITAPHIUM

LATIN VERSION OF THE EPITAPH IN GRAY'S ELEGY

I

Hic sinu fessum caput hospitali
Cespitis dormit juvenis; nec illi
Fata ridebant, popularis ille
Nescius auræ.

Omens. Published by Medwin, *Shelley Papers*, 1833, dated 1807.
Epitaphium. Published by Medwin, *Life of Shelley*, 1847, dated 1808–9.

II

Musa non vultu genus arroganti
Rusticâ natum grege despicata ;
Et suum tristis puerum notavit
Sollicitudo.

III

Indoles illi bene larga ; pectus
Veritas sedem sibi vindicavit ;
Et pari tantis meritis beavit
Munere cœlum.

IV

Omne quod mœstis habuit miserto
Corde largivit, lacrymam ; recepit
Omne quod cœlo voluit, fidelis
Pectus amici.

V

Longius sed tu fuge curiosus
Cæteras laudes fuge suspicari ;
Cæteras culpas fuge velle tractas
Sede tremendâ.

VI

Spe tremescentes recubant in illâ
Sede virtutes pariterque culpæ,
In sui Patris gremio, tremendâ
Sede Deique.

IN HOROLOGIUM

INTER marmoreas Leonoræ pendula colles
Fortunata nimis Machina dicit horas.
Quas *manibus* premit illa duas insensa papillas
Cur mihi sit *digito* tangere, amata, nefas?

A DIALOGUE

DEATH

FOR my dagger is bathed in the blood of the brave,
I come, careworn tenant of life, from the grave,
Where Innocence sleeps 'neath the peace-giving sod,
And the good cease to tremble at Tyranny's nod;
I offer a calm habitation to thee,
Say, victim of grief, wilt thou slumber with me?
My mansion is damp, cold silence is there,
But it lulls in oblivion the fiends of despair;
Not a groan of regret, not a sigh, not a breath,
Dares dispute with grim Silence the empire of Death.
I offer a calm habitation to thee,
Say, victim of grief, wilt thou slumber with me?

MORTAL

Mine eyelids are heavy; my soul seeks repose;
It longs in thy cells to embosom its woes;

In Horologium. Published by Medwin, *Life of Shelley*, 1847, dated 1809.

A Dialogue, Esdaile MS. || *Death: a Dialogue*, Rossetti. Published, without title, by Hogg, *Life of Shelley*, 1858, dated 1809.

It longs in thy cells to deposit its load,
Where no longer the scorpions of Perfidy goad,
Where the phantoms of Prejudice vanish away,
And Bigotry's bloodhounds lose scent of their prey.
Yet tell me, dark Death, when thine empire is o'er,
What awaits on Futurity's mist-covered shore?

DEATH

Cease, cease, wayward Mortal! I dare not unveil
The shadows that float o'er Eternity's vale;
Nought waits for the good but a spirit of Love
That will hail their blessed advent to regions above.
For Love, Mortal, gleams through the gloom of my sway,
And the shades which surround me fly fast at its ray.
Hast thou loved? — Then depart from these regions of hate,
And in slumber with me blunt the arrows of fate.
I offer a calm habitation to thee,
Say, victim of grief, wilt thou slumber with me?

MORTAL

Oh! sweet is thy slumber! oh! sweet is the ray
Which after thy night introduces the day;
How concealed, how persuasive, self-interest's breath,
Though it floats to mine ear from the bosom of Death!
I hoped that I quite was forgotten by all,
Yet a lingering friend might be grieved at my fall,
And duty forbids, though I languish to die,
When departure might heave Virtue's breast with a sigh.

22 *o'er*, Esdaile MS. || *on*, Hogg, 1858.

Oh, Death! oh, my friend! snatch this form to thy shrine,
And I fear, dear destroyer, I shall not repine.

TO THE MOONBEAM

I

Moonbeam, leave the shadowy vale,
To bathe this burning brow.
Moonbeam, why art thou so pale,
As thou walkest o'er the dewy dale,
Where humble wild flowers grow?
Is it to mimic me?
But that can never be;
For thine orb is bright,
And the clouds are light,
That at intervals shadow the star-studded night.

II

Now all is deathy still on earth;
Nature's tired frame reposes;
And, ere the golden morning's birth
Its radiant hues discloses,
Flies forth its balmy breath.
But mine is the midnight of Death,
And Nature's morn
To my bosom forlorn
Brings but a gloomier night, implants a deadlier thorn.

III

Wretch! Suppress the glare of madness
Struggling in thine haggard eye,

To the Moonbeam. Published by Hogg, *Life of Shelley*, 1858, and dated 1809.

For the keenest throb of sadness,
Pale Despair's most sickening sigh,
Is but to mimic me;
And this must ever be,
When the twilight of care,
And the night of despair,
Seem in my breast but joys to the pangs that rankle there.

THE SOLITARY

I

Dar'st thou amid the varied multitude
To live alone, an isolated thing?
To see the busy beings round thee spring,
And care for none; in thy calm solitude,
A flower that scarce breathes in the desert rude
To Zephyr's passing wing?

II

Not the swart Pariah in some Indian grove,
Lone, lean, and hunted by his brother's hate,
Hath drunk so deep the cup of bitter fate
As that poor wretch who cannot, cannot love.
He bears a load which nothing can remove,
A killing, withering weight.

III

He smiles — 'tis sorrow's deadliest mockery;
He speaks — the cold words flow not from his soul;

iii. 9 *rankle*, Esdaile MS. ‖ *wake*, Hogg, 1858.
The Solitary. Published by Rossetti, 1870, and dated 1810.

He acts like others, drains the genial bowl, —
Yet, yet he longs — although he fears — to die;
He pants to reach what yet he seems to fly,
Dull life's extremest goal.

TO DEATH

Death! where is thy victory?
To triumph whilst I die,
To triumph whilst thine ebon wing
Enfolds my shuddering soul?
O Death! where is thy sting?
Not when the tides of murder roll,
When nations groan that kings may bask in bliss,
Death! canst thou boast a victory such as this —
When in his hour of pomp and power
His blow the mightiest murderer gave,
Mid Nature's cries the sacrifice
Of millions to glut the grave —
When sunk the tyrant desolation's slave,
Or Freedom's life-blood streamed upon thy shrine, —
Stern Tyrant, couldst thou boast a victory such as mine?

To know in dissolution's void
That mortals' baubles sunk decay;

To Death, Esdaile MS. ‖ *Death Vanquished*, Rossetti. Published, without title, by Hogg, *Life of Shelley*, 1858, and dated 1810.

10 *murderer*, Esdaile MS. ‖ *murders*, Hogg, 1858.

That everything, but Love, destroyed
Must perish with its kindred clay, —
Perish Ambition's crown,
Perish her sceptred sway;
From Death's pale front fades Pride's fastidious frown;
In Death's damp vault the lurid fires decay,
That Envy lights at heaven-born Virtue's beam;
That all the cares subside,
Which lurk beneath the tide
Of life's unquiet stream; —
Yes! this is victory!
And on yon rock, whose dark form glooms the sky,
To stretch these pale limbs, when the soul is fled;
To baffle the lean passions of their prey;
To sleep within the palace of the dead!
Oh! not the King, around whose dazzling throne
His countless courtiers mock the words they say,
Triumphs amid the bud of glory blown,
As I in this cold bed, and faint expiring groan!

Tremble, ye proud, whose grandeur mocks the woe
Which props the column of unnatural state!
You the plainings faint and low,
From misery's tortured soul that flow,
Shall usher to your fate.

Tremble, ye conquerors, at whose fell command
The war-fiend riots o'er a peaceful land!
You desolation's gory throng
Shall bear from victory along
To that mysterious strand.

. . . . . .

LOVE'S ROSE

I

Hopes, that swell in youthful breasts,
  Live not through the waste of time?
Love's rose a host of thorns invests;
  Cold, ungenial is the clime,
  Where its honors blow.
Youth says, "The purple flowers are mine,"
  Which die the while they glow.

II

Dear the boon to Fancy given,
  Retracted whilst it's granted:
Sweet the rose which lives in heaven,
  Although on earth 'tis planted,
  Where its honors blow,
While by earth's slaves the leaves are riven
  Which die the while they glow.

III

Age cannot Love destroy,
  But perfidy can blast the flower,
  Even when in most unwary hour
  It blooms in Fancy's bower.
Age cannot Love destroy,
But perfidy can rend the shrine
In which its vermeil splendors shine.

Love's Rose. Rossetti || Published, without title, by Hogg, *Life of Shelley*, 1858, dated 1810.

i. 2 *not through*, Esdaile MS. || *they this*, Hogg, 1858.

EYES

How eloquent are eyes!
Not the rapt poet's frenzied lay
When the soul's wildest feelings stray
Can speak so well as they.
How eloquent are eyes!
Not music's most impassioned note
On which love's warmest fervors float
Like them bids rapture rise.

Love, look thus again, —
That your look may light a waste of years,
Darting the beam that conquers cares
Through the cold shower of tears.
Love, look thus again!

POEMS FROM ST. IRVYNE, OR THE ROSICRUCIAN

I

VICTORIA

I

'Twas dead of the night, when I sat in my dwelling;
One glimmering lamp was expiring and low;

Eyes. Published by Rossetti, 1870, dated 1810.
10 *light*, Esdaile MS., 1890 || *lighten*, Rossetti, 1870.
Poems from St. Irvyne, or the Rosicrucian. Published by Shelley, 1810, and dated 1808–1810.
Victoria, Rossetti || without title, Shelley.

Around, the dark tide of the tempest was swelling;
Along the wild mountains night-ravens were yelling, —
They bodingly presaged destruction and woe.

II

'Twas then that I started! — the wild storm was howling,
Nought was seen save the lightning which danced in the sky;
Above me the crash of the thunder was rolling,
And low, chilling murmurs the blast wafted by.

III

My heart sank within me — unheeded the war
Of the battling clouds on the mountain-tops broke;
Unheeded the thunder-peal crashed in mine ear —
This heart, hard as iron, is stranger to fear;
But conscience in low, noiseless whispering spoke.

IV

'Twas then that, her form on the whirlwind upholding,
The ghost of the murdered Victoria strode;
In her right hand a shadowy shroud she was holding;
She swiftly advanced to my lonesome abode.

V

I wildly then called on the tempest to bear me —
. . . . . .

II

"ON THE DARK HEIGHT OF JURA"

I

Ghosts of the dead! have I not heard your yelling
Rise on the night-rolling breath of the blast,
When o'er the dark ether the tempest is swelling,
And on eddying whirlwind the thunder-peal passed?

II

For oft have I stood on the dark height of Jura,
Which frowns on the valley that opens beneath;
Oft have I braved the chill night-tempest's fury,
Whilst around me, I thought, echoed murmurs of death.

III

And now, whilst the winds of the mountain are howling,
O father! thy voice seems to strike on mine ear;
In air whilst the tide of the night-storm is rolling,
It breaks on the pause of the elements' jar.

IV

On the wing of the whirlwind which roars o'er the mountain
Perhaps rides the ghost of my sire who is dead, —
On the mist of the tempest which hangs o'er the fountain,
Whilst a wreath of dark vapor encircles his head.

"*On the Dark Height of Jura*," Dowden || *The Father's Spectre*, Rossetti, without title, Shelley.

III

SISTER ROSA: A BALLAD

I

THE death-bell beats! —
The mountain repeats
The echoing sound of the knell;
And the dark monk now
Wraps the cowl round his brow,
As he sits in his lonely cell.

II

And the cold hand of death
Chills his shuddering breath,
As he lists to the fearful lay,
Which the ghosts of the sky,
As they sweep wildly by,
Sing to departed day.
And they sing of the hour
When the stern fates had power
To resolve Rosa's form to its clay.

III

But that hour is past;
And that hour was the last
Of peace to the dark monk's brain;
Bitter tears from his eyes gushed silent and fast;
And he strove to suppress them in vain.

Sister Rosa, Rossetti || *Ballad*, Shelley.

IV

Then his fair cross of gold he dashed on the floor,
When the death-knell struck on his ear, —
"Delight is in store
For her evermore;
But for me is fate, horror, and fear."

V

Then his eyes wildly rolled,
When the death-bell tolled,
And he raged in terrific woe;
And he stamped on the ground, —
But, when ceased the sound,
Tears again began to flow.

VI

And the ice of despair
Chilled the wild throb of care,
And he sate in mute agony still;
Till the night-stars shone through the cloudless air,
And the pale moonbeam slept on the hill.

VII

Then he knelt in his cell, —
And the horrors of hell
Were delights to his agonized pain;
And he prayed to God to dissolve the spell,
Which else must forever remain.

VIII

And in fervent prayer he knelt on the ground,
Till the abbey bell struck one;

His feverish blood ran chill at the sound;
A voice hollow and horrible murmured around —
"The term of thy penance is done!"

IX

Grew dark the night;
The moonbeam bright
Waxed faint on the mountain high;
And from the black hill
Went a voice cold and still, —
"Monk! thou art free to die."

X

Then he rose on his feet,
And his heart loud did beat,
And his limbs they were palsied with dread;
Whilst the grave's clammy dew
O'er his pale forehead grew;
And he shuddered to sleep with the dead.

XI

And the wild midnight storm
Raved around his tall form,
As he sought the chapel's gloom:
And the sunk grass did sigh
To the wind, bleak and high,
As he searched for the new-made tomb.

XII

And forms, dark and high,
Seemed around him to fly,
And mingle their yells with the blast, —

And on the dark wall
Half-seen shadows did fall,
As, enhorrored, he onward passed.

XIII

And the storm-fiends wild rave
O'er the new-made grave,
And dread shadows linger around;—
The Monk called on God his soul to save,
And, in horror, sank on the ground.

XIV

Then despair nerved his arm
To dispel the charm,
And he burst Rosa's coffin asunder;
And the fierce storm did swell
More terrific and fell,
And louder pealed the thunder.

XV

And laughed in joy the fiendish throng,
Mixed with ghosts of the mouldering dead;
And their grisly wings, as they floated along,
Whistled in murmurs dread.

XVI

And her skeleton form the dead Nun reared,
Which dripped with the chill dew of hell;
In her half-eaten eyeballs two pale flames appeared,
And triumphant their gleam on the dark Monk glared,
As he stood within the cell.

XVII

And her lank hand lay on his shuddering brain,
But each power was nerved by fear, —
"I never, henceforth, may breathe again;
Death now ends mine anguished pain.
The grave yawns, — we meet there."

XVIII

And her skeleton lungs did utter the sound,
So deadly, so lone and so fell
That in long vibrations shuddered the ground;
And, as the stern notes floated around,
A deep groan was answered from hell.

IV

ST. IRVYNE'S TOWER

I

How swiftly through heaven's wide expanse
Bright day's resplendent colors fade!
How sweetly does the moonbeam's glance
With silver tint St. Irvyne's glade!

II

No cloud along the spangled air,
Is borne upon the evening breeze;
How solemn is the scene! how fair
The moonbeams rest upon the trees!

St. Irvyne's Tower, Rossetti || *Song*, Shelley.

III

Yon dark gray turret glimmers white,
Upon it sits the mournful owl;
Along the stillness of the night
Her melancholy shriekings roll.

IV

But not alone on Irvyne's tower
The silver moonbeam pours her ray;
It gleams upon the ivied bower,
It dances in the cascade's spray.

V

"Ah! why do darkening shades conceal
The hour when man must cease to be?
Why may not human minds unveil
The dim mists of futurity?

VI

"The keenness of the world hath torn
The heart which opens to its blast;
Despised, neglected, and forlorn,
Sinks the wretch in death at last."

V

BEREAVEMENT

I

How stern are the woes of the desolate mourner,
As he bends in still grief o'er the hallowed bier,

Bereavement, Rossetti || *Song*, Shelley.

As enanguished he turns from the laugh of the
scorner,
And drops to perfection's remembrance a tear;
When floods of despair down his pale cheek are
streaming,
When no blissful hope on his bosom is beaming,
Or, if lulled for a while, soon he starts from his
dreaming,
And finds torn the soft ties to affection so dear.

II

Ah! when shall day dawn on the night of the grave,
Or summer succeed to the winter of death?
Rest awhile, hapless victim, and Heaven will save
The spirit that faded away with the breath.
Eternity points in its amaranth bower,
Where no clouds of fate o'er the sweet prospect
lower,
Unspeakable pleasure, of goodness the dower,
When woe fades away like the mist of the heath.

VI

THE DROWNED LOVER

I

Ah! faint are her limbs, and her footstep is weary,
Yet far must the desolate wanderer roam;
Though the tempest is stern, and the mountain is
dreary,
She must quit at deep midnight her pitiless home.

The Drowned Lover, Dowden || *The Lake-Storm*, Rossetti, *Song*, Shelley.

I see her swift foot dash the dew from the whortle,
As she rapidly hastes to the green grove of myrtle;
And I hear, as she wraps round her figure the kirtle,
"Stay thy boat on the lake, — dearest Henry, I come."

II

High swelled in her bosom the throb of affection,
As lightly her form bounded over the lea,
And arose in her mind every dear recollection;
"I come, dearest Henry, and wait but for thee."
How sad, when dear hope every sorrow is soothing,
When sympathy's swell the soft bosom is moving,
And the mind the mild joys of affection is proving,
Is the stern voice of fate that bids happiness flee!

III

Oh! dark lowered the clouds on that horrible eve,
And the moon dimly gleamed through the tempested air;
Oh! how could fond visions such softness deceive?
Oh! how could false hope rend a bosom so fair?
Thy love's pallid corse the wild surges are laving,
O'er his form the fierce swell of the tempest is raving;
But fear not, parting spirit; thy goodness is saving,
In eternity's bowers, a seat for thee there.

POSTHUMOUS FRAGMENTS

OF

MARGARET NICHOLSON;

BEING POEMS FOUND AMONGST THE PAPERS OF THAT NOTED FEMALE WHO ATTEMPTED THE LIFE OF THE KING IN 1786.

EDITED BY JOHN FITZVICTOR

ADVERTISEMENT

The energy and native genius of these Fragments must be the only apology which the Editor can make for thus intruding them on the Public Notice. The first I found with no title, and have left it so. It is intimately connected with the dearest interests of universal happiness; and much as we may deplore the fatal and enthusiastic tendency which the ideas of this poor female had acquired, we cannot fail to pay the tribute of unequivocal regret to the departed memory of genius, which, had it been rightly organized, would have made that intellect, which has since become the victim of frenzy and despair, a most brilliant ornament to society.

In case the sale of these Fragments evinces that the Public have any curiosity to be presented with a more copious collection of my unfortunate Aunt's Poems, I have other papers in my possession, which shall, in that case, be subjected to their notice. It may be supposed they require much arrangement; but I send the following to the press in the same state in which they came into my possession. J. F.

Posthumous Fragments. Published by Shelley, Oxford, 1810.

WAR

Ambition, power, and avarice, now have hurled
Death, fate, and ruin, on a bleeding world.
See! on yon heath what countless victims lie!
Hark! what loud shrieks ascend through yonder sky!
Tell then the cause, 'tis sure the avenger's rage
Has swept these myriads from life's crowded stage.
Hark to that groan — an anguished hero dies,
He shudders in death's latest agonies;
Yet does a fleeting hectic flush his cheek,
Yet does his parting breath essay to speak: —

"O God! my wife, my children! Monarch, thou
For whose support this fainting frame lies low,
For whose support in distant lands I bleed,
Let his friends' welfare be the warrior's meed.
He hears me not — ah! no — kings cannot hear,
For passion's voice has dulled their listless ear.
To thee, then, mighty God, I lift my moan;
Thou wilt not scorn a suppliant's anguished groan.
Oh! now I die — but still is death's fierce pain —
God hears my prayer — we meet, we meet again."
He spake, reclined him on death's bloody bed,
And with a parting groan his spirit fled.

Oppressors of mankind, to *you* we owe
The baleful streams from whence these miseries flow;
For you how many a mother weeps her son,

War || no title, Shelley, 1810.

Snatched from life's course ere half his race was
run!
For you how many a widow drops a tear,
In silent anguish, on her husband's bier!

"Is it then thine, Almighty Power," she cries,
"Whence tears of endless sorrow dim these eyes?
Is this the system which thy powerful sway,
Which else in shapeless chaos sleeping lay,
Formed and approved? — it cannot be — but oh!
Forgive me Heaven, my brain is warped by woe."

'Tis not — he never bade the war-note swell,
He never triumphed in the work of hell.
Monarchs of earth! thine is the baleful deed,
Thine are the crimes for which thy subjects bleed.
Ah! when will come the sacred fated time,
When man unsullied by his leaders' crime,
Despising wealth, ambition, pomp, and pride,
Will stretch him fearless by his foemen's side?
Ah! when will come the time, when o'er the plain
No more shall death and desolation reign?
When will the sun smile on the bloodless field,
And the stern warrior's arm the sickle wield?
Not whilst some King, in cold ambition's dreams,
Plans for the field of death his plodding schemes;
Not whilst for private pique the public fall,
And one frail mortal's mandate governs all, —
Swelled with command and mad with dizzying
sway;
Who sees unmoved his myriads fade away,
Careless who lives or dies — so that he gains
Some trivial point for which he took the pains.

What then are Kings? — I see the trembling crowd,
I hear their fulsome clamors echoed loud;
Their stern oppressor pleased appears awhile,
But April's sunshine is a Monarch's smile.
Kings are but dust — the last eventful day
Will level all and make them lose their sway;
Will dash the sceptre from the Monarch's hand,
And from the warrior's grasp wrest the ensanguined brand.

O Peace, soft Peace, art thou forever gone?
Is thy fair form indeed forever flown?
And love and concord hast thou swept away,
As if incongruous with thy parted sway?
Alas I fear thou hast, for none appear.
Now o'er the palsied earth stalks giant Fear,
With War and Woe and Terror in his train;
List'ning he pauses on the embattled plain,
Then, speeding swiftly o'er the ensanguined heath,
Has left the frightful work to hell and death.
See! gory Ruin yokes his blood-stained car;
He scents the battle's carnage from afar;
Hell and destruction mark his mad career;
He tracks the rapid step of hurrying Fear;
Whilst ruined towns and smoking cities tell,
That thy work, Monarch, is the work of hell.
"It is thy work!" I hear a voice repeat,
"Shakes the broad basis of thy blood-stained seat;
And at the orphan's sigh, the widow's moan,
Totters the fabric of thy guilt-stained throne —
It is thy work, O Monarch." Now the sound
Fainter and fainter yet is borne around;

Yet to enthusiast ears the murmurs tell
That heaven, indignant at the work of hell,
Will soon the cause, the hated cause remove,
Which tears from earth peace, innocence and love.

FRAGMENT

SUPPOSED TO BE AN EPITHALAMIUM OF FRANCIS RAVAILLAC AND CHARLOTTE CORDAY

'Tis midnight now — athwart the murky air
Dank lurid meteors shoot a livid gleam;
From the dark storm-clouds flashes a fearful glare,
It shows the bending oak, the roaring stream.
I pondered on the woes of lost mankind,
I pondered on the ceaseless rage of kings;
My rapt soul dwelt upon the ties that bind
The mazy volume of commingling things,
When fell and wild misrule to man stern sorrow brings.

I heard a yell — it was not the knell,
When the blasts on the wild lake sleep,
That floats on the pause of the summer gale's swell
O'er the breast of the waveless deep.

I thought it had been death's accents cold
That bade me recline on the shore;
I laid mine hot head on the surge-beaten mould,
And thought to breathe no more.

But a heavenly sleep
That did suddenly steep
In balm my bosom's pain,
Pervaded my soul,
And free from control
Did mine intellect range again.

Methought enthroned upon a silvery cloud,
Which floated mid a strange and brilliant light,
My form upborne by viewless ether rode,
And spurned the lessening realms of earthly night.
What heavenly notes burst on my ravished ears,
What beauteous spirits met my dazzled eye!
Hark! louder swells the music of the spheres,
More clear the forms of speechless bliss float by,
And heavenly gestures suit ethereal melody.

But fairer than the spirits of the air,
More graceful than the Sylph of symmetry,
Than the enthusiast's fancied love more fair,
Were the bright forms that swept the azure sky.
Enthroned in roseate light, a heavenly band
Strewed flowers of bliss that never fade away;
They welcome virtue to its native land,
And songs of triumph greet the joyous day
When endless bliss the woes of fleeting life repay.

Congenial minds will seek their kindred soul,
E'en though the tide of time has rolled between;
They mock weak matter's impotent control,
And seek of endless life the eternal scene.

At death's vain summons *this* will never die,
In Nature's chaos *this* will not decay.
These are the bands which closely, warmly, tie
Thy soul, O Charlotte, 'yond this chain of clay,
To him who thine must be till time shall fade away.

Yes, Francis! thine was the dear knife that tore
A tyrant's heartstrings from his guilty breast;
Thine was the daring at a tyrant's gore
To smile in triumph, to contemn the rest;
And thine, loved glory of thy sex! to tear
From its base shrine a despot's haughty soul,
To laugh at sorrow in secure despair,
To mock, with smiles, life's lingering control,
And triumph mid the griefs that round thy fate did roll.

Yes! the fierce spirits of the avenging deep
With endless tortures goad their guilty shades.
I see the lank and ghastly spectres sweep
Along the burning length of yon arcades;
And I see Satan stalk athwart the plain —
He hastes along the burning soil of hell;
"Welcome, thou despots, to my dark domain!
With maddening joy mine anguished senses swell
To welcome to their home the friends I love so well."

. . . . . .

Hark! to those notes, how sweet, how thrilling sweet
They echo to the sound of angels feet.

. . . . . .

Oh, haste to the bower where roses are spread,
For there is prepared thy nuptial bed.
Oh, haste — hark! hark! — they're gone.

. . . . . .

CHORUS OF SPIRITS

Stay, ye days of contentment and joy,
Whilst love every care is erasing;
Stay, ye pleasures that never can cloy,
And ye spirits that can never cease pleasing!

And if any soft passion be near,
Which mortals, frail mortals, can know,
Let love shed on the bosom a tear,
And dissolve the chill ice-drop of woe.

SYMPHONY

FRANCIS

Soft, my dearest angel stay,
Oh! you suck my soul away;
Suck on, suck on, I glow, I glow!
Tides of maddening passion roll,
And streams of rapture drown my soul.
Now give me one more billing kiss,
Let your lips now repeat the bliss,
Endless kisses steal my breath,
No life can equal such a death.

CHARLOTTE

Oh! yes, I will kiss thine eyes so fair,
And I will clasp thy form;
Serene is the breath of the balmy air,
But I think, love, thou feelest me warm.

And I will recline on thy marble neck
Till I mingle into thee;
And I will kiss the rose on thy cheek,
And thou shalt give kisses to me;
For here is no morn to flout our delight,
Oh! dost thou not joy at this?
And here we may lie an endless night,
A long, long night of bliss.

Spirits! when raptures move,
Say what it is to love,
When passion's tear stands on the cheek,
When bursts the unconscious sigh;
And the tremulous lips dare not speak
What is told by the soul-felt eye.
But what is sweeter to revenge's ear
Than the fell tyrant's last expiring yell?
Yes! than love's sweetest blisses 'tis more dear
To drink the floatings of a despot's knell.
I wake — 'tis done — 'tis o'er.

DESPAIR

And canst thou mock mine agony, thus calm
In cloudless radiance, Queen of silver night?
Can you, ye flowerets, spread your perfumed balm
Mid pearly gems of dew that shine so bright?
And you wild winds, thus can you sleep so still
Whilst throbs the tempest of my breast so high?
Can the fierce night-fiends rest on yonder hill,
And, in the eternal mansions of the sky,
Can the directors of the storm in powerless silence
lie?

Hark! I hear music on the zephyr's wing —
Louder it floats along the unruffled sky;
Some fairy sure has touched the viewless string —
Now faint in distant air the murmurs die.
Awhile it stills the tide of agony;
Now — now it loftier swells — again stern woe
Arises with the awakening melody;
Again fierce torments, such as demons know,
In bitterer, feller tide, on this torn bosom flow.

Arise, ye sightless spirits of the storm,
Ye unseen minstrels of the aërial song,
Pour the fierce tide around this lonely form,
And roll the tempest's wildest swell along.
Dart the red lightning, wing the forkèd flash,
Pour from thy cloud-formed hills the thunder's roar;
Arouse the whirlwind — and let ocean dash
In fiercest tumult on the rocking shore, —
Destroy this life or let earth's fabric be no more!

Yes! every tie that links me here is dead;
Mysterious fate, thy mandate I obey!
Since hope and peace, and joy, for aye are fled,
I come, terrific power, I come away.
Then o'er this ruined soul let spirits of hell,
In triumph, laughing wildly, mock its pain;
And, though with direst pangs mine heartstrings swell,
I'll echo back their deadly yells again,
Cursing the power that ne'er made aught in vain.

FRAGMENT

Yes! all is past — swift time has fled away,
  Yet its swell pauses on my sickening mind.
How long will horror nerve this frame of clay?
  I'm dead, and lingers yet my soul behind.
Oh! powerful fate, revoke thy deadly spell,
  And yet that may not ever, ever be,
Heaven will not smile upon the work of hell;
  Ah! no, for heaven cannot smile on me;
Fate, envious fate, has sealed my wayward destiny.

I sought the cold brink of the midnight surge;
  I sighed beneath its wave to hide my woes;
The rising tempest sung a funeral dirge,
  And on the blast a frightful yell arose.
Wild flew the meteors o'er the maddened main,
  Wilder did grief athwart my bosom glare;
Stilled was the unearthly howling, and a strain
  Swelled 'mid the tumult of the battling air,
'Twas like a spirit's song, but yet more soft and fair.

I met a maniac — like he was to me;
  I said — "Poor victim, wherefore dost thou roam?
And canst thou not contend with agony,
  That thus at midnight thou dost quit thine home?"
"Ah, there she sleeps: cold is her bloodless form,
  And I will go to slumber in her grave;

And then our ghosts, whilst raves the maddened
storm,
Will sweep at midnight o'er the wildered wave;
Wilt thou our lowly beds with tears of pity lave?"

"Ah! no, I cannot shed the pitying tear,
This breast is cold, this heart can feel no more;
But I can rest me on thy chilling bier,
Can shriek in horror to the tempest's roar."
. . . . . .

THE SPECTRAL HORSEMAN

What was the shriek that struck fancy's ear
As it sate on the ruins of time that is past?
Hark! it floats on the fitful blast of the wind,
And breathes to the pale moon a funeral sigh.
It is the Benshie's moan on the storm,
Or a shivering fiend that, thirsting for sin,
Seeks murder and guilt when virtue sleeps,
Winged with the power of some ruthless king,
And sweeps o'er the breast of the prostrate plain.
It was not a fiend from the regions of hell
That poured its low moan on the stillness of night;
It was not a ghost of the guilty dead,
Nor a yelling vampire reeking with gore;
But aye at the close of seven years' end
That voice is mixed with the swell of the storm,
And aye at the close of seven years' end,
A shapeless shadow that sleeps on the hill
Awakens and floats on the mist of the heath.
It is not the shade of a murdered man,
Who has rushed uncalled to the throne of his God,

And howls in the pause of the eddying storm.
This voice is low, cold, hollow, and chill;
'Tis not heard by the ear, but is felt in the soul.
'Tis more frightful far than the death-demon's
scream,
Or the laughter of fiends when they howl o'er the
corpse
Of a man who has sold his soul to hell.
It tells the approach of a mystic form,
A white courser bears the shadowy sprite;
More thin they are than the mists of the mountain,
When the clear moonlight sleeps on the waveless
lake.
More pale *his* cheek than the snows of Nithona
When winter rides on the northern blast,
And howls in the midst of the leafless wood.
Yet when the fierce swell of the tempest is raving,
And the whirlwinds howl in the caves of Inisfallen,
Still secure 'mid the wildest war of the sky,
The phantom courser scours the waste,
And his rider howls in the thunder's roar.
O'er him the fierce bolts of avenging heaven
Pause, as in fear, to strike his head.
The meteors of midnight recoil from his figure;
Yet the wildered peasant, that oft passes by,
With wonder beholds the blue flash through his
form;
And his voice, though faint as the sighs of the dead,
The startled passenger shudders to hear,
More distinct than the thunder's wildest roar.
Then does the dragon, who, chained in the caverns
To eternity, curses the champion of Erin,
Moan and yell loud at the lone hour of midnight,

And twine his vast wreaths round the forms of the
demons;
Then in agony roll his death-swimming eyeballs,
Though wildered by death, yet never to die!
Then he shakes from his skeleton folds the night-
mares,
Who, shrieking in agony, seek the couch
Of some fevered wretch who courts sleep in vain;
Then the tombless ghosts of the guilty dead
In horror pause on the fitful gale.
They float on the swell of the eddying tempest,
And scared seek the caves of gigantic . . .
Where their thin forms pour unearthly sounds
On the blast that sweeps the breast of the lake,
And mingles its swell with the moonlight air.

MELODY TO A SCENE OF FORMER TIMES

Art thou indeed forever gone,
Forever, ever, lost to me?
Must this poor bosom beat alone,
Or beat at all, if not for thee?
Ah, why was love to mortals given,
To lift them to the height of heaven,
Or dash them to the depths of hell?
Yet I do not reproach thee, dear!
Ah! no, the agonies that swell
This panting breast, this frenzied brain,
Might wake my ——'s slumbering tear.
Oh! heaven is witness I did love,
And heaven does know I love thee still,—
Does know the fruitless sickening thrill,

When reason's judgment vainly strove
To blot thee from my memory;
But which might never, never be.
Oh! I appeal to that blest day
When passion's wildest ecstacy
Was coldness to the joys I knew,
When every sorrow sunk away.
Oh! I had never lived before,
But now those blisses are no more.
And now I cease to live again,
I do not blame thee, love; ah no!
The breast that feels this anguished woe
Throbs for thy happiness alone.
Two years of speechless bliss are gone, —
I thank thee, dearest, for the dream.
'Tis night — what faint and distant scream
Comes on the wild and fitful blast?
It moans for pleasures that are past,
It moans for days that are gone by,
Oh! lagging hours, how slow you fly!
I see a dark and lengthened vale,
The black view closes with the tomb;
But darker is the lowering gloom
That shades the intervening dale.
In visioned slumber for awhile
I seem again to share thy smile,
I seem to hang upon thy tone.
Again you say, "confide in me,
For I am thine, and thine alone,
And thine must ever, ever be."
But oh! awakening still anew,
Athwart my enanguished senses flew
A fiercer, deadlier agony!

STANZA

FROM A TRANSLATION OF THE MARSEILLAISE HYMN

TREMBLE Kings despised of man!
Ye traitors to your Country
Tremble! Your parricidal plan
At length shall meet its destiny . . .
We all are soldiers fit to fight
But if we sink in glory's night
Our mother Earth will give ye new
The brilliant pathway to pursue
Which leads to Death or Victory . . .

BIGOTRY'S VICTIM

I

DARES the lama, most fleet of the sons of the wind,
The lion to rouse from his skull-covered lair?
When the tiger approaches can the fast-fleeting hind
Repose trust in his footsteps of air?
No! Abandoned he sinks in a trance of despair,
The monster transfixes his prey,
On the sand flows his life-blood away;
Whilst India's rocks to his death-yells reply,
Protracting the horrible harmony.

Stanza from a Translation of the Marseillaise Hymn || *Stanza:* "*Tremble Kings!*" Forman, *Kings*, Rossetti. Published by Forman, 1876, and dated, 1810.

Bigotry's Victim, Rossetti || published without title by Hogg, *Life of Shelley*, 1858, dated, 1809–10.

II

Yet the fowl of the desert, when danger encroaches,
Dares fearless to perish defending her brood,
Though the fiercest of cloud-piercing tyrants approaches,
Thirsting — ay, thirsting for blood;
And demands, like mankind, his brother for food;
Yet more lenient, more gentle than they;
For hunger, not glory, the prey
Must perish. Revenge does not howl in the dead,
Nor ambition with fame crown the murderer's head.

III

Though weak as the lama that bounds on the mountains,
And endued not with fast-fleeting footsteps of air,
Yet, yet will I draw from the purest of fountains,
Though a fiercer than tiger is there.
Though more dreadful than death, it scatters despair,
Though its shadow eclipses the day,
And the darkness of deepest dismay
Spreads the influence of soul-chilling terror around,
And lowers on the corpses, that rot on the ground.

IV

They came to the fountain to draw from its stream,
Waves too pure, too celestial, for mortals to see;
They bathed for a while in its silvery beam,
Then perished, and perished like me.

For in vain from the grasp of the Bigot I flee;
The most tenderly loved of my soul
Are slaves to his hated control.
He pursues me, he blasts me! 'Tis in vain that I fly;—
What remains, but to curse him,—to curse him and die?

ON AN ICICLE THAT CLUNG TO THE GRASS OF A GRAVE

I

Oh! take the pure gem to where southerly breezes
Waft repose to some bosom as faithful as fair,
In which the warm current of love never freezes,
As it rises unmingled with selfishness there,
Which, untainted by pride, unpolluted by care,
Might dissolve the dim ice-drop, might bid it arise,
Too pure for these regions, to gleam in the skies.

II

Or where the stern warrior, his country defending,
Dares fearless the dark-rolling battle to pour,
Or o'er the fell corpse of a dread tyrant bending,
Where patriotism red with his guilt-reeking gore
Plants liberty's flag on the slave-peopled shore,
With victory's cry, with the shout of the free,
Let it fly, taintless spirit, to mingle with thee.

On an Icicle that clung to the Grass of a Grave. Esdaile MS. ‖ *The Tear*, Rossetti. Published without title by Hogg, *Life of Shelley*, 1858, dated 1809–10.

III

For I found the pure gem, when the daybeam returning
  Ineffectual gleams on the snow-covered plain,
When to others the wished-for arrival of morning
  Brings relief to long visions of soul-racking pain;
  But regret is an insult — to grieve is in vain:
And why should we grieve that a spirit so fair
Seeks Heaven to mix with its own kindred there?

IV

But still 'twas some spirit of kindness descending
  To share in the load of mortality's woe,
Who over thy lowly-built sepulchre bending
  Bade sympathy's tenderest tear-drop to flow.
  Not for *thee* soft compassion celestials did know,
But if *angels* can weep, sure *man* may repine,
May weep in mute grief o'er thy low-laid shrine.

V

And did I then say, for the altar of glory,
  That the earliest, the loveliest of flowers I'd entwine,
Though with millions of blood-reeking victims 'twas gory,
  Though the tears of the widow polluted its shrine,
  Though around it the orphans, the fatherless pine?
O Fame, all thy glories I'd yield for a tear
To shed on the grave of a heart so sincere.

LOVE

Why is it said thou canst not live
  In a youthful breast and fair,
Since thou eternal life canst give,
  Canst bloom forever there?
Since withering pain no power possessed,
  Nor age, to blanch thy vermeil hue,
Nor time's dread victor, death, confessed,
  Though bathed with his poison dew?
Still thou retainest unchanging bloom,
Fixed, tranquil, even in the tomb.
And oh! when on the blest, reviving,
  The day-star dawns of love,
Each energy of soul surviving
  More vivid soars above,
Hast thou ne'er felt a rapturous thrill,
  Like June's warm breath, athwart thee fly,
O'er each idea then to steal,
  When other passions die?
Felt it in some wild noonday dream,
When sitting by the lonely stream,
Where Silence says, Mine is the dell;
  And not a murmur from the plain,
And not an echo from the fell,
  Disputes her silent reign.

Love. Rossetti || Published without title by Hogg, *Life of Shelley*, 1858, dated 1811.

ON A FÊTE AT CARLTON HOUSE

FRAGMENT

. . . By the mossy brink,
With me the Prince shall sit and think;
Shall muse in visioned Regency,
Rapt in bright dreams of dawning Royalty.
. . . . . .

TO A STAR

SWEET star, which gleaming o'er the darksome scene
Through fleecy clouds of silvery radiance flyest,
Spanglet of light on evening's shadowy veil,
Which shrouds the day-beam from the waveless lake,
Lighting the hour of sacred love; more sweet
Than the expiring morn-star's paly fires.
Sweet star! When wearied Nature sinks to sleep,
And all is hushed, — all, save the voice of Love,
Whose broken murmurings swell the balmy blast
Of soft Favonius, which at intervals
Sighs in the ear of stillness, art thou aught but
Lulling the slaves of interest to repose
With that mild, pitying gaze! Oh, I would look

On a Fête at Carlton House. Published by Rossetti, 1870, dated 1811.

To a Star. Rossetti ‖ Published, without title, by Hogg, *Life of Shelley*, 1858, dated 1811.

In thy dear beam till every bond of sense
Became enamoured —

TO MARY, WHO DIED IN THIS OPINION

I

MAIDEN, quench the glare of sorrow
Struggling in thine haggard eye ;
Firmness dare to borrow
From the wreck of destiny ;
For the ray morn's bloom revealing
Can never boast so bright an hue
As that which mocks concealing,
And sheds its loveliest light on you.

II

Yet is the tie departed
Which bound thy lovely soul to bliss ?
Has it left thee broken hearted
In a world so cold as this !
Yet, though, fainting fair one,
Sorrow's self thy cup has given,
Dream thou'lt meet thy dear one,
Never more to part, in heaven.

III

Existence would I barter
For a dream so dear as thine,
And smile to die a martyr
On affection's bloodless shrine.

To Mary, who died in this Opinion. Published by Rossetti, 1870, dated 1810–1811.

Nor would I change for pleasure
That withered hand and ashy cheek,
If my heart enshrined a treasure
Such as forces thine to break.

A TALE OF SOCIETY AS IT IS

FROM FACTS, 1811

I

She was an aged woman; and the years
Which she had numbered on her toilsome way
Had bowed her natural powers to decay.
She was an aged woman; yet the ray
Which faintly glimmered through her starting tears,
Pressed into light by silent misery,
Hath soul's imperishable energy.
She was a cripple, and incapable
To add one mite to gold-fed luxury;
And therefore did her spirit dimly feel
That poverty, the crime of tainting stain,
Would merge her in its depths, never to rise again.

II

One only son's love had supported her.
She long had struggled with infirmity,
Lingering to human life-scenes; for to die,
When fate has spared to rend some mental tie,
Would many wish, and surely fewer dare.

A Tale of Society as it is from Facts, 1811, Esdaile MS. || *Mother and Son*, Rossetti. Published by Rossetti, 1870.

But, when the tyrant's bloodhounds forced the child
For his cursed power unhallowed arms to wield —
Bend to another's will — become a thing
More senseless than the sword of battle-field —
Then did she feel keen sorrow's keenest sting ;
And many years had passed ere comfort they would bring.

III

For seven years did this poor woman live
In unparticipated solitude.
Thou mightst have seen her in the forest rude
Picking the scattered remnants of its wood.
If human, thou mightst then have learned to grieve.
The gleanings of precarious charity
Her scantiness of food did scarce supply.
The proofs of an unspeaking sorrow dwelt
Within her ghastly hollowness of eye :
Each arrow of the season's change she felt.
Yet still she groans, ere yet her race were run,
One only hope : it was — once more to see her son.

IV

It was an eve of June, when every star
Spoke peace from heaven to those on earth that live.
She rested on the moor. 'Twas such an eve
When first her soul began indeed to grieve ;
Then he was there ; now he is very far.

iii. 5 *grieve*, Esdaile MS., Hitchener MS. ‖ *feel*, Rossetti.
iv. 2 *to those on earth that live*, Esdaile MS. ‖ omit, Rossetti.

The sweetness of the balmy evening
A sorrow o'er her aged soul did fling,
Yet not devoid of rapture's mingled tear;
A balm was in the poison of the sting.
This aged sufferer for many a year
Had never felt such comfort. She suppressed
A sigh — and, turning round, clasped William to her breast!

V

And, though his form was wasted by the woe
Which tyrants on their victims love to wreak,
Though his sunk eyeballs and his faded cheek
Of slavery's violence and scorn did speak,
Yet did the aged woman's bosom glow.
The vital fire seemed reillumed within
By this sweet unexpected welcoming.
Oh, consummation of the fondest hope
That ever soared on fancy's wildest wing!
Oh, tenderness that found'st so sweet a scope!
Prince who dost pride thee on thy mighty sway,
When *thou* canst feel such love, thou shalt be great as they!

VI

Her son, compelled, the country's foes had fought,
Had bled in battle; and the stern control
Which ruled his sinews and coerced his soul
Utterly poisoned life's unmingled bowl,
And unsubduable evils on him brought.
He was the shadow of the lusty child
Who, when the time of summer season smiled,
Did earn for her a meal of honesty,
And with affectionate discourse beguiled
The keen attacks of pain and poverty;

Till Power, as envying her this only joy,
From her maternal bosom tore the unhappy boy.

VII

And now cold charity's unwelcome dole
Was insufficient to support the pair;
And they would perish rather than would bear
The law's stern slavery, and the insolent stare
With which law loves to rend the poor man's soul —
The bitter scorn, the spirit-sinking noise
Of heartless mirth which women, men and boys
Wake in this scene of legal misery.
. . . . . .

TO THE REPUBLICANS OF NORTH AMERICA

I

Brothers! between you and me
Whirlwinds sweep and billows roar:
Yet in spirit oft I see
On thy wild and winding shore
Freedom's bloodless banners wave, —
Feel the pulses of the brave
Unextinguished in the grave, —
See them drenched in sacred gore, —
Catch the warrior's gasping breath
Murmuring "Liberty or death!"

To the Republicans of North America, Esdaile MS. || *The Mexican Revolution*, Rossetti. Published by Rossetti, 1870, dated 1812.

II

Shout aloud! Let every slave,
  Crouching at Corruption's throne,
Start into a man, and brave
  Racks and chains without a groan;
And the castle's heartless glow,
And the hovel's vice and woe,
Fade like gaudy flowers that blow —
  Weeds that peep, and then are gone;
Whilst, from misery's ashes risen,
Love shall burst the captive's prison.

III

Cotopaxi! bid the sound
  Through thy sister mountains ring,
Till each valley smile around
  At the blissful welcoming!
And, O thou stern Ocean deep,
Thou whose foamy billows sweep
Shores where thousands wake to weep
  Whilst they curse a villain king,
On the winds that fan thy breast
Bear thou news of Freedom's rest!

IV

Can the daystar dawn of love,
  Where the flag of war unfurled
Floats with crimson stain above
  The fabric of a ruined world?
Never but to vengeance driven
When the patriot's spirit shriven

iv. 1 *Can*, Esdaile MS. || *Ere*, Hitchener MS.

Seeks in death its native heaven!
There, to desolation hurled,
Widowed love may watch thy bier,
Balm thee with its dying tear.

TO IRELAND

I

Bear witness, Erin! when thine injured isle
Sees summer on its verdant pastures smile,
Its cornfields waving in the winds that sweep
The billowy surface of thy circling deep!
Thou tree whose shadow o'er the Atlantic gave
Peace, wealth and beauty, to its friendly wave,
its blossoms fade,
And blighted are the leaves that cast its shade;
Whilst the cold hand gathers its scanty fruit,
Whose chillness struck a canker to its root.

II

I could stand
Upon thy shores, O Erin, and could count
The billows that, in their unceasing swell,
Dash on thy beach, and every wave might seem
An instrument in Time, the giant's grasp,
To burst the barriers of Eternity.
Proceed, thou giant, conquering and to conquer;
March on thy lonely way! The nations fall
Beneath thy noiseless footstep; pyramids

To Ireland, i. published by Rossetti, 1870, ii. 1–7, 15–18, published by Dowden, *Life of Shelley*, 1887; 8–14, published by Kingsland in Poet-Lore, July, 1892.

That for millenniums have defied the blast,
And laughed at lightnings, thou dost crush to nought.
Yon monarch, in his solitary pomp,
Is but the fungus of a winter day
That thy light footstep presses into dust.
Thou art a conqueror, Time; all things give way
Before thee but the 'fixed and virtuous will;'
The sacred sympathy of soul which was
When thou wert not, which shall be when thou perishest.

. . . . . .

ON ROBERT EMMET'S GRAVE

. . . . . .

VI

No trump tells thy virtues — the grave where they rest
With thy dust shall remain unpolluted by fame,
Till thy foes, by the world and by fortune caressed,
Shall pass like a mist from the light of thy name.

VII

"When the storm-cloud that lowers o'er the day-beam is gone,
Unchanged, unextinguished its life-spring will shine;

On Robert Emmet's Grave. Published by Dowden, *Life of Shelley*, 1887, dated 1812.

When Erin has ceased with their memory to groan,
She will smile through the tears of revival on thine.

THE RETROSPECT: CWM ELAN, 1812

A SCENE, which wildered fancy viewed
In the soul's coldest solitude,
With that same scene when peaceful love
Flings rapture's color o'er the grove,
When mountain, meadow, wood and stream
With unalloying glory gleam,
And to the spirit's ear and eye
Are unison and harmony.
The moonlight was my dearer day;
Then would I wander far away,
And, lingering on the wild brook's shore
To hear its unremitting roar,
Would lose in the ideal flow
All sense of overwhelming woe;
Or at the noiseless noon of night
Would climb some heathy mountain's height,
And listen to the mystic sound
That stole in fitful gasps around.
I joyed to see the streaks of day
Above the purple peaks decay,
And watch the latest line of light
Just mingling with the shades of night;
For day with me was time of woe
When even tears refused to flow;
Then would I stretch my languid frame

The Retrospect: Cwm Elan, 1812. Published by Dowden, *Life of Shelley*, 1887.

Beneath the wild woods' gloomiest shade,
And try to quench the ceaseless flame
That on my withered vitals preyed;
Would close mine eyes and dream I were
On some remote and friendless plain,
And long to leave existence there,
If with it I might leave the pain
That with a finger cold and lean
Wrote madness on my withering mien.

It was not unrequited love
That bade my 'wildered spirit rove;
'Twas not the pride disdaining life,
That with this mortal world at strife
Would yield to the soul's inward sense,
Then groan in human impotence,
And weep because it is not given
To taste on Earth the peace of Heaven.
'Twas not that in the narrow sphere
Where nature fixed my wayward fate
There was no friend or kindred dear
Formed to become that spirit's mate,
Which, searching on tired pinion, found
Barren and cold repulse around;
Oh, no! yet each one sorrow gave
New graces to the narrow grave.

For broken vows had early quelled
The stainless spirit's vestal flame;
Yes! whilst the faithful bosom swelled,
Then the envenomed arrow came,
And apathy's unaltering eye
Beamed coldness on the misery;

And early I had learned to scorn
The chains of clay that bound a soul
Panting to seize the wings of morn,
And where its vital fires were born
To soar, and spur the cold control
Which the vile slaves of earthly night
Would twine around it struggling flight.

Oh, many were the friends whom fame
Had linked with the unmeaning name,
Whose magic marked among mankind
The casket of my unknown mind,
Which hidden from the vulgar glare
Imbibed no fleeting radiance there.
My darksome spirit sought — it found
A friendless solitude around.
For who that might undaunted stand,
The savior of a sinking land,
Would crawl, its ruthless tyrant's slave,
And fatten upon Freedom's grave,
Though doomed with her to perish, where
The captive clasps abhorred despair.

They could not share the bosom's feeling,
Which, passion's every throb revealing,
Dared force on the world's notice cold
Thoughts of unprofitable mould,
Who bask in Custom's fickle ray,
Fit sunshine of such wintry day!
They could not in a twilight walk
Weave an impassioned web of talk,
Till mysteries the spirits press
In wild yet tender awfulness,

Then feel within our narrow sphere
How little yet how great we are!
But they might shine in courtly glare,
Attract the rabble's cheapest stare,
And might command where'er they move
A thing that bears the name of love;
They might be learned, witty, gay,
Foremost in fashion's gilt array,
On Fame's emblazoned pages shine,
Be princes' friends, but never mine!

Ye jagged peaks that frown sublime,
Mocking the blunted scythe of Time,
Whence I would watch its lustre pale
Steal from the moon o'er yonder vale:

Thou rock, whose bosom black and vast,
Bared to the stream's unceasing flow,
Ever its giant shade doth cast
On the tumultuous surge below:

Woods, to whose depths retires to die
The wounded echo's melody,
And whither this lone spirit bent
The footstep of a wild intent:

Meadows! whose green and spangled breast
These fevered limbs have often pressed,
Until the watchful fiend Despair
Slept in the soothing coolness there!
Have not your varied beauties seen
The sunken eye, the withering mien,
Sad traces of the unuttered pain
That froze my heart and burned my brain.

How changed since Nature's summer form
Had last the power my grief to charm,
Since last ye soothed my spirit's sadness
Strange chaos of a mingled madness!
Changed! — not the loathsome worm that fed
In the dark mansions of the dead
Now soaring through the fields of air,
And gathering purest nectar there,
A butterfly, whose million hues
The dazzled eye of wonder views,
Long lingering on a work so strange,
Has undergone so bright a change.

How do I feel my happiness?
I cannot tell, but they may guess
Whose every gloomy feeling gone,
Friendship and passion feel alone;
Who see mortality's dull clouds
Before affection's murmur fly,
Whilst the mild glances of her eye
Pierce the thin veil of flesh that shrouds
The spirit's inmost sanctuary.

O thou! whose virtues latest known,
First in this heart yet claim'st a throne;
Whose downy sceptre still shall share
The gentle sway with virtue there;
Thou fair in form, and pure in mind,
Whose ardent friendship rivets fast
The flowery band our fates that bind,
Which incorruptible shall last
When duty's hard and cold control
Had thawed around the burning soul, —

The gloomiest retrospects that bind
With crowns of thorn the bleeding mind,
The prospects of most doubtful hue
That rise on Fancy's shuddering view, —
Are gilt by the reviving ray
Which thou hast flung upon my day.

FRAGMENT OF A SONNET

TO HARRIET

Ever as now with Love and Virtue's glow
May thy unwithering soul not cease to burn,
Still may thine heart with those pure thoughts
o'erflow
Which force from mine such quick and warm
return.

TO HARRIET

It is not blasphemy to hope that Heaven
More perfectly will give those nameless joys
Which throb within the pulses of the blood
And sweeten all that bitterness which Earth
Infuses in the heaven-born soul. O thou
Whose dear love gleamed upon the gloomy path
Which this lone spirit travelled, drear and cold,
Yet swiftly leading to those awful limits
Which mark the bounds of time and of the space

Fragment of a Sonnet to Harriet. Published by Dowden, *Life of Shelley*, 1887, and dated August 1, 1812.

To Harriet. Published, 5–13, by Forman, 58–69, by Shelley, *Notes to Queen Mab*, 1813, and entire by Dowden, *Life of Shelley*, 1887, dated 1812.

When Time shall be no more; wilt thou not turn
Those spirit-beaming eyes and look on me,
Until I be assured that Earth is Heaven,
And Heaven is Earth?—will not thy glowing
cheek,
Glowing with soft suffusion, rest on mine,
And breathe magnetic sweetness through the frame
Of my corporeal nature, through the soul
Now knit with these fine fibres? I would give
The longest and the happiest day that fate
Has marked on my existence but to feel
One soul-reviving kiss. . . . O thou most dear,
'Tis an assurance that this Earth is Heaven,
And Heaven the flower of that untainted seed
Which springeth here beneath such love as ours.
Harriet! let death all mortal ties dissolve,
But ours shall not be mortal! The cold hand
Of Time may chill the love of earthly minds
Half frozen now; the frigid intercourse
Of common souls lives but a summer's day;
It dies, where it arose, upon this earth.
But ours! oh, 'tis the stretch of fancy's hope
To portray its continuance as now,
Warm, tranquil, spirit-healing; nor when age
Has tempered these wild ecstasies, and given
A soberer tinge to the luxurious glow
Which blazing on devotion's pinnacle
Makes virtuous passion supersede the power
Of reason; nor when life's æstival sun
To deeper manhood shall have ripened me;
Nor when some years have added judgment's store
To all thy woman sweetness, all the fire
Which throbs in thine enthusiast heart; not then

Shall holy friendship (for what other name
May love like ours assume ?), not even then
Shall custom so corrupt, or the cold forms
Of this desolate world so harden us,
As when we think of the dear love that binds
Our souls in soft communion, while we know
Each other's thoughts and feelings, can we say
Unblushingly a heartless compliment,
Praise, hate, or love with the unthinking world,
Or dare to cut the unrelaxing nerve
That knits our love to virtue. Can those eyes,
Beaming with mildest radiance on my heart
To purify its purity, e'er bend
To soothe its vice or consecrate its fears ?
Never, thou second self ! Is confidence
So vain in virtue that I learn to doubt
The mirror even of Truth ? Dark flood of Time,
Roll as it listeth thee ; I measure not
By month or moments thy ambiguous course.
Another may stand by me on thy brink,
And watch the bubble whirled beyond his ken,
Which pauses at my feet. The sense of love,
The thirst for action, and the impassioned thought
Prolong my being ; if I wake no more,
My life more actual living will contain
Than some gray veterans of the world's cold
school,
Whose listless hours unprofitably roll
By one enthusiast feeling unredeemed,
Virtue and Love ! unbending Fortitude,
Freedom, Devotedness and Purity !
That life my spirit consecrates to you.

SONNET

TO A BALLOON LADEN WITH KNOWLEDGE

BRIGHT ball of flame that through the gloom of even
Silently takest thine ethereal way,
And with surpassing glory dimm'st each ray
Twinkling amid the dark blue depths of Heaven,—
Unlike the fire thou bearest, soon shalt thou
Fade like a meteor in surrounding gloom,
Whilst that unquenchable is doomed to glow
A watch-light by the patriot's lonely tomb;
A ray of courage to the oppressed and poor;
A spark, though gleaming on the hovel's hearth,
Which through the tyrant's gilded domes shall roar;
A beacon in the darkness of the Earth;
A sun which, o'er the renovated scene,
Shall dart like Truth where Falsehood yet has been.

SONNET

ON LAUNCHING SOME BOTTLES FILLED WITH KNOWLEDGE INTO THE BRISTOL CHANNEL

VESSELS of heavenly medicine! may the breeze
Auspicious waft your dark green forms to shore;
Safe may ye stem the wide surrounding roar

Sonnet: To a Balloon laden with Knowledge. Published by Dowden, *Life of Shelley*, 1887, dated August, 1812.

Sonnet, On launching some Bottles filled with Knowledge into the Bristol Channel. Published by Dowden, *Life of Shelley*, 1887, dated August, 1812.

Of the wild whirlwinds and the raging seas;
And oh! if Liberty e'er deigned to stoop
From yonder lowly throne her crownless brow,
Sure she will breathe around your emerald group
The fairest breezes of her west that blow.
Yes! she will waft ye to some freeborn soul
Whose eye-beam, kindling as it meets your freight,
Her heaven-born flame in suffering Earth will light,
Until its radiance gleams from pole to pole,
And tyrant-hearts with powerless envy burst
To see their night of ignorance dispersed.

THE DEVIL'S WALK

A BALLAD

I

Once, early in the morning,
Beelzebub arose,
With care his sweet person adorning,
He put on his Sunday clothes.

II

He drew on a boot to hide his hoof,
He drew on a glove to hide his claw,
His horns were concealed by a *Bras Chapeau*,
And the Devil went forth as natty a *Beau*
As Bond-street ever saw.

The Devil's Walk. Published by Shelley, 1812.

III

He sate him down, in London town,
Before earth's morning ray;
With a favorite imp he began to chat,
On religion, and scandal, this and that,
Until the dawn of day.

IV

And then to St. James's court he went,
And St. Paul's Church he took on his way;
He was mighty thick with every Saint,
Though they were formal and he was gay.

V

The Devil was an agriculturist,
And as bad weeds quickly grow,
In looking over his farm, I wist,
He wouldn't find cause for woe.

VI

He peeped in each hole, to each chamber stole,
His promising live-stock to view;
Grinning applause, he just showed them his claws,
And they shrunk with affright from his ugly sight,
Whose work they delighted to do.

VII

Satan poked his red nose into crannies so small
One would think that the innocents fair,
Poor lambkins! were just doing nothing at all
But settling some dress or arranging some ball,
But the Devil saw deeper there.

VIII

A Priest, at whose elbow the Devil during prayer
Sate familiarly, side by side,
Declared that, if the tempter were there,
His presence he would not abide.
Ah! ah! thought Old Nick, that's a very stale trick,
For without the Devil, O favorite of evil,
In your carriage you would not ride.

IX

Satan next saw a brainless King,
Whose house was as hot as his own;
Many imps in attendance were there on the wing,
They flapped the pennon and twisted the sting,
Close by the very Throne.

X

Ah, ha! thought Satan, the pasture is good,
My Cattle will here thrive better than others;
They dine on news of human blood,
They sup on the groans of the dying and dead,
And supperless never will go to bed;
Which will make them fat as their brothers.

XI

Fat as the fiends that feed on blood,
Fresh and warm from the fields of Spain,
Where ruin ploughs her gory way,
Where the shoots of earth are nipped in the bud,
Where Hell is the Victor's prey,
Its glory the meed of the slain.

viii. 1 *the Devil* || *he*, Rossetti.
xi. 4 *Where*, Rossetti || *When*, Shelley, 1812.

XII

Fat — as the death-birds on Erin's shore,
That glutted themselves in her dearest gore,
And flitted round Castlereagh,
When they snatched the Patriot's heart, that *his*
grasp
Had torn from its widow's maniac clasp,
And fled at the dawn of day.

XIII

Fat — as the reptiles of the tomb,
That riot in corruption's spoil,
That fret their little hour in gloom,
And creep, and live the while.

XIV

Fat as that Prince's maudlin brain,
Which, addled by some gilded toy,
Tired, gives his sweetmeat, and again
Cries for it, like a humored boy.

XV

For he is fat, — his waistcoat gay,
When strained upon a levee day,
Scarce meets across his princely paunch;
And pantaloons are like half moons
Upon each brawny haunch.

XVI

How vast his stock of calf! when plenty
Had filled his empty head and heart,
Enough to satiate foplings twenty,
Could make his pantaloon seams start.

XVII

The Devil (who sometimes is called nature),
For men of power provides thus well,
Whilst every change and every feature,
Their great original can tell.

XVIII

Satan saw a lawyer a viper slay,
That crawled up the leg of his table,
It reminded him most marvellously
Of the story of Cain and Abel.

XIX

The wealthy yeoman, as he wanders
His fertile fields among,
And on his thriving cattle ponders,
Counts his sure gains, and hums a song;
Thus did the Devil, through earth walking,
Hum low a hellish song.

XX

For they thrive well whose garb of gore
Is Satan's choicest livery,
And they thrive well who from the poor
Have snatched the bread of penury,
And heap the houseless wanderer's store,
On the rank pile of luxury.

XXI

The Bishops thrive, though they are big;
The Lawyers thrive, though they are thin;

For every gown, and every wig,
  Hides the safe thrift of Hell within.

XXII

Thus pigs were never counted clean,
  Although they dine on finest corn;
And cormorants are sin-like lean,
  Although they eat from night to morn.

XXIII

Oh! why is the Father of Hell in such glee,
  As he grins from ear to ear?
Why does he doff his clothes joyfully,
  As he skips, and prances, and flaps his wing,
  As he sidles, leers, and twirls his sting,
    And dares, as he is, to appear?

XXIV

A statesman passed — alone to him,
  The Devil dare his whole shape uncover,
To show each feature, every limb,
  Secure of an unchanging lover.

XXV

At this known sign, a welcome sight,
  The watchful demons sought their King,
And every fiend of the Stygian night,
  Was in an instant on the wing.

XXVI

Pale Loyalty, his guilt-steeled brow,
  With wreaths of gory laurel crowned:
The hell-hounds, Murder, Want and Woe,

Forever hungering flocked around;
From Spain had Satan sought their food,
'Twas human woe and human blood!

XXVII

Hark! the earthquake's crash I hear, —
Kings turn pale, and Conquerors start,
Ruffians tremble in their fear,
For their Satan doth depart.

XXVIII

This day fiends give to revelry
To celebrate their King's return,
And with delight its sire to see
Hell's adamantine limits burn.

XXIX

But were the Devil's sight as keen
As Reason's penetrating eye,
His sulphurous Majesty I ween,
Would find but little cause for joy.

XXX

For the sons of Reason see
That, ere fate consume the Pole,
The false Tyrant's cheek shall be,
Bloodless as his coward soul.

FRAGMENT OF A SONNET:

FAREWELL TO NORTH DEVON

. . . . . .

Where man's profane and tainting hand
Nature's primeval loveliness has marred,
And some few souls of the high bliss debarred
Which else obey her powerful command;
. . . mountain piles
That load in grandeur Cambria's emerald vales.

ON LEAVING LONDON FOR WALES

HAIL to thee, Cambria! for the unfettered wind
Which from thy wilds even now methinks I feel,
Chasing the clouds that roll in wrath behind,
And tightening the soul's laxest nerves to steel;
True mountain Liberty alone may heal
The pain which Custom's obduracies bring,
And he who dares in fancy even to steal
One draught from Snowdon's ever sacred spring
Blots out the unholiest rede of worldly witnessing.

And shall that soul, to selfish peace resigned,
So soon forget the woe its fellows share?
Can Snowdon's Lethe from the freeborn mind
So soon the page of injured penury tear?

Fragments of a Sonnet: Farewell to North Devon. Published by Dowden, *Life of Shelley*, 1887, dated August, 1812.

On leaving London for Wales: A Fragment. Published by Dowden, *Life of Shelley*, 1887, dated November, 1812.

Does this fine mass of human passion dare
To sleep, unhonoring the patriot's fall,
Or life's sweet load in quietude to bear
While millions famish even in Luxury's hall,
And Tyranny high raised stern lowers on all?

No, Cambria! never may thy matchless vales
A heart so false to hope and virtue shield;
Nor ever may thy spirit-breathing gales
Waft freshness to the slaves who dare to yield.
For me! . . . the weapon that I burn to wield
I seek amid thy rocks to ruin hurled,
That Reason's flag may over Freedom's field,
Symbol of bloodless victory, wave unfurled,
A meteor-sign of love effulgent o'er the world.

. . . . . .

Do thou, wild Cambria, calm each struggling thought;
Cast thy sweet veil of rocks and woods between,
That by the soul to indignation wrought
Mountains and dells be mingled with the scene;
Let me forever be what I have been,
But not forever at my needy door
Let Misery linger speechless, pale and lean;
I am the friend of the unfriended poor, —
Let me not madly stain their righteous cause in gore.

THE WANDERING JEW'S SOLILOQUY

Is it the Eternal Triune, is it He
Who dares arrest the wheels of destiny
And plunge me in the lowest Hell of Hells?
Will not the lightning's blast destroy my frame?
Will not steel drink the blood-life where it swells?
No — let me hie where dark Destruction dwells,
To rouse her from her deeply caverned lair,
And taunting her cursed sluggishness to ire
Light long Oblivion's death torch at its flame
And calmly mount Annihilation's pyre.

Tyrant of Earth! pale misery's jackal thou!
Are there no stores of vengeful violent fate
Within the magazines of thy fierce hate?
No poison in the clouds to bathe a brow
That lowers on thee with desperate contempt?
Where is the noonday pestilence that slew
The myriad sons of Israel's favored nation?
Where the destroying minister that flew
Pouring the fiery tide of desolation
Upon the leagued Assyrian's attempt?
Where the dark Earthquake demon who ingorged
At the dread word Korah's unconscious crew?
Or the Angel's two-edged sword of fire that urged
Our primal parents from their bower of bliss

The Wandering Jew's Soliloquy. Published by Dobell, 1887.

(Reared by thine hand) for errors not their own
By Thine omniscient mind foredoomed, foreknown?
Yes! I would court a ruin such as this,
Almighty Tyrant! and give thanks to Thee —
Drink deeply — drain the cup of hate — remit this
I may die.

DOUBTFUL, LOST AND UNPUBLISHED POEMS

DOUBTFUL POEMS

THE WANDERING JEW

A poem in MS., entitled *The Wandering Jew*, was offered by Shelley to Ballantyne & Co. of Edinburgh in the early summer of 1810, and declined by them September 24. It was immediately afterward, on September 28, offered by him to Stockdale of London, to whom he ordered Ballantyne & Co. to send the MS. ; but, as they delayed or failed to do so, he sent to Stockdale a second MS. which he had retained. A poem, thus entitled, was published, as by Shelley, in *The Edinburgh Literary Journal*, June 27 and July 4, 1829. The editor stated that the MS. was in Shelley's handwriting, and had remained for the preceding twenty years in the custody of a literary gentleman of Edinburgh, to whom Shelley in person had offered it for publication while on a visit to that city. A second version of the same poem was published, as by Shelley, and with Mrs. Shelley's consent, but without mention of the former publication, in *Fraser's*, July, 1831. Lines 435, 443–451, were quoted by Shelley as a motto for chapter viii., and lines 780, 782–790 for chapter x. of *St. Irvyne*, 1811. These last lines, and lines 1401–1408, were quoted by Medwin (*Life*, i. 56, 58), who ascribes them to Shelley, and are given among the *Juvenilia* by Rossetti, Forman and Dowden. The poem, as it appeared in *Fraser's*, appears to have been edited, by omission or alteration or both, and Mrs. Shelley's statement made below refers exclusively to such editing. Three lines are quoted in the *Introduction* to *Fraser's* version, as follows, — " There is a pretty, affecting passage at the end of the fourth canto, which we dare say bore reference to the cloud of family misfortune in which he [Shelley] was then enveloped : —

> " ' 'Tis mournful when the deadliest hate
> Of friends, of fortune, and of fate,
> Is levelled at one fated head.' "

These lines are also quoted by Medwin (*Life*, i. 364) as written "in his seventeenth year," but he does not mention independent authority for them. They do not, however, appear in the poem as given in either version. Such are the facts making for Shelley's authorship.

On the other hand Medwin claims to have written the poem, with aid from Shelley, and ascribes to him a concluding portion, embodying speculative opinions, which has never come to light. It is plain that the poem was not printed from Medwin's MS., which he does not himself seem to have consulted. His memory of the past was at best a confused one, as is shown by the inaccuracy of his Life of the poet; and, when the matter related to his literary partnership with Shelley, as in his translations at Pisa, his recollection of the share of each in their joint work was, one is compelled to think, very feeble indeed. It may, at least, be fairly surmised that more of Shelley's work goes under Medwin's name than has ever been affirmed. In the present instance Medwin's assertion of authorship, in which several blunders are obvious, is of no more value than other unsupported and loose statements by him, which would certainly be accepted only provisionally and with doubt. In view of the facts above, that Shelley twice offered the poem as his own and that it was twice printed from different MSS. without Medwin's interposition, the claim of a far more trustworthy writer would be much impaired. If the internal evidence of the poem be appealed to, the opinion that it is substantially Shelley's work is as much strengthened. The most plausible hypothesis is that Shelley worked with Medwin upon the subject in prose and in the first versification made of the prose; that he then rewrote the whole, confined the poem to the story, and reserved the speculative part, which has never appeared, among those early materials out of which *Queen Mab* was made and to which, both prose and verse, he referred in saying, that *Queen Mab* was written in his eighteenth and nineteenth year, or 1809–10; but that *The Wandering Jew*, as we have it, is substantially the poem offered by him for publication in 1810, and that it was Shelley's work and not Medwin's, are statements as well sup-

ported by external and internal evidence as can be looked for in such cases. Forman and, though with less decision, Dowden reject the poem, and therefore it is here placed in this division.

The following documentary account of it is condensed from the Introduction to the reprint in the Shelley Society Publications by Mr. Bertram Dobell, who discovered the Edinburgh 1829 version.

Messrs. Ballantyne and Co. (from Edinburgh) to Shelley, September 24, 1810 : "Sir, — The delay which occurred in our reply to you, respecting the poem you have obligingly offered us for publication, has arisen from our literary friends and advisers (at least such as we have confidence in) being in the country at this season, as is usual, and the time they have bestowed on its perusal.

"We are extremely sorry at length, after the most mature deliberation, to be under the necessity of declining the honor of being the publishers of the present poem ; not that we doubt its success, but that it is perhaps better suited to the character and liberal feelings of the English, than the bigoted spirit which yet pervades many cultivated minds in this country. Even Walter Scott is assailed on all hands, at present, by our Scotch spiritual and evangelical magazines and instructors, for having promulgated atheistical doctrines in *The Lady of the Lake.*

"We beg you will have the goodness to advise us how it should be returned, and we think its being consigned to some person in London would be more likely to ensure its safety than addressing it to Horsham." *Stockdale's Budget,* 1827. (Hotten's *Shelley,* i. 41.)

Shelley (from Field Place) to Stockdale, September 28, 1810 : "Sir, — I sent, before I had the pleasure of knowing you, the MS. of a poem to Messrs. Ballantyne and Co., Edinburgh ; they have declined publishing it, with the enclosed letter. I now offer it to you, and depend upon your honor as a gentleman for a fair price for the copyright. It will be sent to you from Edinburgh. The subject is *The Wandering Jew.* As to its containing atheistical principles,

I assure you I was wholly unaware of the fact hinted at. Your good sense will point out the impossibility of inculcating pernicious doctrines in a poem which, as you will see, is so totally abstract from any circumstances which occur under the possible view of mankind." *Stockdale's Budget*, 1827. (Hotten, i. 140.)

Shelley (from University College) to Stockdale, November 14, 1810: "I am surprised that you have not received *The Wandering Jew*, and in consequence write to Mr. Ballantyne to mention it; you will, doubtlessly, therefore receive it soon." *Stockdale's Budget*, 1827. (Hotten, i. 44.)

Shelley (from University College) to Stockdale, November 19, 1810: "If you have not got *The Wandering Jew* from Mr. B., I will send you a MS. copy which I possess." (Hotten, i. 44.)

Shelley (from Oxford) to Stockdale, December 2, 1810: "Will you, if you have got two copies of *The Wandering Jew*, send one of them to me, as I have thought of some corrections which I wish to make; your opinion on it will likewise much oblige me." *Stockdale's Budget*, 1827. (Hotten, i. 45.)

The Edinburgh Literary Journal, No. 32, June 20, 1829:—

"THE POET SHELLEY

"There has recently been put into our hands a manuscript volume, which we look upon as one of the most remarkable literary curiosities extant. *It is a poem in four cantos, by the late poet Shelley, and entirely written in his own hand.* It is entitled *The Wandering Jew*, and contains many passages of great power and beauty. It was composed upwards of twenty years ago, and brought by the poet to Edinburgh, which he visited about that period. It has since lain in the custody of a literary gentleman of this town, to whom it was then offered for publication. We have received permission to give our readers a further account of its contents, with some extracts, next Saturday; and it affords us much pleasure to have it in our power to be thus instrumental in rescuing, through the medium of the *Literary Journal*, from the obscurity to which it might otherwise have been consigned, one of the earliest and most striking of this gifted poet's

productions, the very existence of which has never hitherto been surmised." [The poem was published, Nos. 33, 34, (June 27, July 4, 1829), with the following remarks] : —

"It may possibly have been offered to one or two booksellers, both in London and Edinburgh, without success, and this may account for the neglect into which the author allowed it to fall, when new cares crowded upon him, and new prospects opened round him. Certain it is, that it has been carefully kept by the literary gentleman to whom he entrusted its perusal when he visited Edinburgh in 1811, and would have been willingly surrendered by him at any subsequent period, had any application to that effect been made....

"Mr. Shelley appears to have had some doubts whether to call his poem *The Wandering Jew* or *The Victim of the Eternal Avenger*. Both names occur in the manuscript; but had the work been published, it is to be hoped that he would finally have fixed on the former, the more especially as the poem itself contains very little calculated to give offence to the religious reader. The motto on the title-page is from the 22d chapter of St. John: 'If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? — follow thou me.' Turning over the leaf, we meet with the following Dedication: 'To Sir Francis Burdett, Bart., M. P., in consideration of the active virtues by which both his public and private life is so eminently distinguished, the following poem is inscribed by the Author.' Again turning the leaf, we meet with the —

"'PREFACE

"'The subject of the following Poem is an imaginary personage, noted for the various and contradictory traditions which have prevailed concerning him — the Wandering Jew. Many sage monkish writers have supported the authenticity of this fact, the reality of his existence. But as the quoting them would have led me to annotations perfectly uninteresting, although very fashionable, I decline presenting anything to the public but the bare poem, which they will agree with me not to be of sufficient consequence to authorize deep antiquarian researches on its subject. I might, indeed, have introduced, by anticipating future events, the no less grand,

although equally groundless, superstitions of the battle of Armageddon, the personal reign of J—— C——, etc.; but I preferred, improbable as the following tale may appear, retaining the old method of describing past events: it is certainly more consistent with reason, more interesting, even in works of imagination. With respect to the omission of elucidatory notes, I have followed the well-known maxim of "Do unto others as thou wouldest they should do unto thee."

"'*January*, 1811.'"

"The poem introduced by the above Preface is in four cantos; and though the octosyllabic verse is the most prominent, it contains a variety of measures, like Sir Walter Scott's poetical romances. The incidents are simple, and refer rather to an episode in the life of the Wandering Jew, than to any attempt at a full delineation of all his adventures. We shall give an analysis of the plot, and intersperse, as we proceed, some of the most interesting passages of the poem."

Medwin, *Shelley Papers*, pp. 7–9: "Shortly afterwards we wrote, in conjunction, six or seven cantos on the subject of the Wandering Jew, of which the first four, with the exception of a very few lines, were exclusively mine. It was a thing such as boys usually write, a *cento* from different favorite authors; the crucifixion scene altogether a plagiary from a volume of Cambridge Prize Poems. The part which I contributed I have still, and was surprised to find *totidem verbis* in *Fraser's Magazine*. . . . As might be shown by the last cantos of that poem, which *Fraser* did not think worth publishing, his [Shelley's] ideas were, at that time, strange and incomprehensible, mere elements of thought — images wild, vast and Titanic."

Medwin, *Life*, i. 54–57: "Shelley, having abandoned prose for poetry, now formed a *grand* design, a metrical romance on the subject of the Wandering Jew, of which the first three cantos were, with a few additions and alterations, almost entirely mine. It was a sort of thing such as boys usually write, a *cento* from different favorite authors; the vision in the third canto taken from Lewis's *Monk*, of which, in common with Byron, he was a great admirer; and the cruci-

fixion scene altogether a plagiarism from a volume of Cambridge Prize Poems. The part which I supplied is still in my possession. After seven or eight cantos were *perpetrated*, Shelley sent them to Campbell for his opinion on their merits, with a view to publication. The author of the *Pleasures of Hope* returned the MS. with the remark that there were only two good lines in it: —

> "'It seemed as if an angel's sigh
> Had breathed the plaintive symphony.'

Lines, by the way, savoring strongly of Walter Scott. This criticism of Campbell's gave a death-blow to our hopes of immortality, and so little regard did Shelley entertain for the production, that he left it at his lodgings in Edinburgh, where it was disinterred by some correspondent of *Fraser's*, and in whose magazine, in 1831, four of the cantos appeared. The others he very wisely did not think worth publishing.

"It must be confessed that Shelley's contributions to this juvenile attempt were far the best, and those, with my MS. before me, I could, were it worth while, point out, though the contrast in the style, and the inconsequence of the opinions on religion, particularly in the last canto, are sufficiently obvious to mark two different hands, and show which passages were his. . . . The finale of *The Wandering Jew* is also Shelley's, and proves that thus early he had imbibed opinions which were often the subject of our controversies. We differed also as to the conduct of the poem. It was my wish to follow the German fragment, and put an end to the Wandering Jew — a consummation Shelley would by no means consent to." [Mr. Dobell examines the inconsistencies and the precise statements of Medwin at length.]

Fraser's, July, 1831: "An obscure contemporary has accused us of announcing for publication Shelley's poem without proper authority. We beg to assure him that we have the sanction of Mrs. Shelley. O [liver] Y [orke]."

The same: "The important literary curiosity which the liberality of the gentleman into whose hands it has fallen, enables us now to lay before the public for the first time, *in*

a complete state, was offered for publication by Mr. Shelley when quite a boy."

Mrs. Shelley, Note on *Queen Mab*, 1839, i. 102: "He wrote also a poem on the subject of Ahasuerus — being led to it by a German Fragment he picked up, dirty and torn, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. This fell afterwards into other hands — and was considerably altered before it was printed."

THE WANDERING JEW

[The collation of the text of the *Edinburgh* and *Fraser* versions is Mr. Dobell's. The passages in italics are from the Edinburgh version.]

CANTO I

"Me miserable, which way shall I fly?
Infinite wrath and infinite despair —
Which way I fly is hell — myself am hell;
And in this lowest deep a lower deep,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven."
Paradise Lost.

THE brilliant orb of parting day
Diffused a rich and mellow ray
Above the mountain's brow;
It tinged the hills with lustrous light,
It tinged the promontory's height,
Still sparkling with the snow;
And, as aslant it threw its beam,
Tipped with gold the mountain stream
That laved the vale below;
Long hung the eye of glory there,
And lingered as if loth to leave
A scene so lovely and so fair.
'Twere luxury even, there to grieve.
So soft the clime, so balm the air,
So pure and genial were the skies,
In sooth 'twas almost Paradise,
For ne'er did the sun's splendor close

2 *and a*
13 *'Twere there even luxury*

On such a picture of repose.
All, all was tranquil, all was still,
Save when the music of the rill,
Or distant waterfall,
At intervals broke on the ear,
Which Echo's self was charmed to hear,
And ceased her babbling call.
With every charm the landscape glowed
Which partial Nature's hand bestowed;
Nor could the mimic hand of art
Such beauties or such hues impart.

Light clouds in fleeting livery gay
Hung, painted in grotesque array,
Upon the western sky;
Forgetful of the approaching dawn,
The peasants danced upon the lawn,
For the vintage time was nigh.
How jocund to the tabor's sound
O'er the smooth, trembling turf they bound,
In every measure light and free,
The very soul of harmony!
Grace in each attitude, they move,
They thrill to amorous ecstasy,
Light as the dewdrops of the morn,
That hang upon the blossomed thorn,
Subdued by the power of resistless Love.
Ah! days of innocence, of joy,
Of rapture that knows no alloy,
Haste on, — ye roseate hours,
Free from the world's tumultuous cares,
From pale distrust, from hopes and fears,
Baneful concomitants of time, —
'Tis yours, beneath this favored clime,
Your pathway strewn with flowers,

20 *where*
21 *Or a*
23 *pleased*
36 *The smooth turf trembling as they*

Upborne on pleasure's downy wing,
To quaff a long unfading spring,
And beat with light and careless step the ground;
The fairest flowers too soon grow sere,
Too soon shall tempests blast the year,
And sin's eternal winter reign around.

But see, what forms are those,
Scarce seen by glimpse of dim twilight,
Wandering o'er the mountain's height?
They swiftly haste to the vale below.
One wraps his mantle around his brow,
As if to hide his woes;
And as his steed impetuous flies,
What strange fire flashes from his eyes!
The far off city's murmuring sound
Was borne on the breeze which floated around;
Noble Padua's lofty spire
Scarce glowed with the sunbeam's latest fire,
Yet dashed the travellers on;
Ere night o'er the earth was spread,
Full many a mile they must have sped,
Ere their destined course was run.
Welcome was the moonbeam's ray,
Which slept upon the towers so gray.
But, hark! a convent's vesper bell —
It seemed to be a very spell!
The stranger checked his courser's rein,
And listened to the mournful sound;
Listened — and paused — and paused again;
A thrill of pity and of pain
Through his inmost soul had passed,
While gushed the tear-drops silently and fast.

A crowd was at the convent gate,
The gate was opened wide;
No longer on his steed he sate,
But mingled with the tide.
He felt a solemn awe and dread,

As he the chapel enterèd ;
Dim was the light from the pale moon beaming,
As it fell on the saint-cyphered panes,
Or, from the western window streaming,
Tinged the pillars with varied stains.
To the eye of enthusiasm strange forms were gliding
In each dusky recess of the aisle ;
And indefined shades in succession were striding
O'er the coignes[1] of the gothic pile.
The pillars to the vaulted roof
In airy lightness rose ;
Now they mount to the rich Gothic ceiling aloof,
And exquisite tracery disclose.

The altar illumined now darts its bright rays,
The train passed in brilliant array ;
On the shrine Saint Pietro's rich ornaments blaze,
And rival the brilliance of day.
Hark ! — now the loud organ swells full on the ear —
So sweetly mellow, chaste, and clear ;
Melting, kindling, raising, firing,
Delighting now, and now inspiring,
Peal upon peal the music floats ;
Now they list still as death to the dying notes ;
Whilst the soft voices of the choir,
Exalt the soul from base desire,
Till it mounts on unearthly pinions free,
Dissolved in heavenly ecstasy.

Now a dead stillness reigned around,
Uninterrupted by a sound ;
Save when in deadened response ran
The last faint echoes down the aisle,
Reverberated through the pile,
As within the pale the holy man,
With voice devout and saintly look,
Slow chanted from the sacred book,

[1] Buttress or coign of vantage. *Macbeth.*

Or pious prayers were duly said
For spirits of departed dead.
With beads and crucifix and hood,
Close by his side the abbess stood;
Now her dark penetrating eyes
Were raised in suppliance to heaven,
And now her bosom heaved with sighs,
As if to human weakness given.
Her stern, severe, yet beauteous brow
Frowned on all who stood below ;
And the fire which flashed from her steady gaze,
As it turned on the listening crowd its rays,
Superior virtue told, —
Virtue as pure as heaven's own dew,
But which, untainted, never knew
To pardon weaker mould.
The heart though chaste and cold as snow —
'Twere faulty to be virtuous so.

Not a whisper now breathed in the pillared aisle.
The stranger advanced to the altar high —
Convulsive was heard a smothered sigh !
Lo ! four fair nuns to the altar draw near,
With solemn footstep, as the while
A fainting novice they bear ;
The roses from her cheek are fled
But there the lily reigns instead ;
Light as a sylph's, her form confessed
Beneath the drapery of her vest,
A perfect grace and symmetry ;
Her eyes, with rapture formed to move,
To melt with tenderness and love,
Or beam with sensibility,
To Heaven were raised in pious prayer,
A silent eloquence of woe ;
Now hung the pearly tear-drop there ;
Sate on her cheek a fixed despair ;
And now she beat her bosom bare,
As pure as driven snow.

Nine graceful novices around
Fresh roses strew upon the ground ;
In purest white arrayed,
Nine spotless vestal virgins shed
Sabæan incense o'er the head
Of the devoted maid.

They dragged her to the altar's pale,
The traveller leant against the rail,
And gazed with eager eye, —
His cheek was flushed with sudden glow,
On his brow sate a darker shade of woe,
As a transient expression fled by.

The sympathetic feeling flew
Through every breast, from man to man ;
Confused and open clamors ran —
Louder and louder still they grew ;
When the abbess waved her hand,
A stern resolve was in her eye,
And every wild tumultuous cry
Was stilled at her command.

The abbess made the well known sign —
The novice reached the fatal shrine,
And mercy implored from the power divine ;
At length she shrieked aloud,
She dashed from the supporting nun,
Ere the fatal rite was done,
And plunged amid the crowd.
Confusion reigned throughout the throng —
Still the novice fled along,
Impelled by frantic fear,
When the maddened traveller's eager grasp
In firmest yet in wildest clasp
Arrested her career.
As fainting from terror she sank on the ground,
Her loosened locks floated her fine form around ;

163 *strewed*
165 *Three*

The zone which confined her shadowy vest
No longer her throbbing bosom pressed,
Its animation dead ;
No more her feverish pulse beat high,
Expression dwelt not in her eye,
Her wildered senses fled.

. . . . . .

Hark ! Hark ! the demon of the storm !
I see his vast expanding form
Blend with the strange and sulphurous glare
Of comets through the turbid air.
Yes, 'twas his voice, I heard its roar,
The wild waves lashed the caverned shore
In angry murmurs hoarse and loud, —
Higher and higher still they rise ;
Red lightnings gleam from every cloud
And paint wild shapes upon the skies ;
The echoing thunder rolls around,
Convulsed with earthquake rocks the ground.

The traveller yet undaunted stood,
He heeded not the roaring flood ;
Yet Rosa slept, her bosom bare,
Her cheek was deadly pale,
The ringlets of her auburn hair
Streamed in a lengthened trail,
And motionless her seraph form ;
Unheard, unheeded raved the storm ;
Whilst, borne on the wing of the gale,
The harrowing shriek of the white sea-mew
As o'er the midnight surge she flew, —
The howlings of the squally blast,
As o'er the beetling cliffs it passed,
Mingled with the peals on high,
That, swelling louder, echoed by, —
Assailed the traveller's ear.
He heeded not the maddened storm
As it pelted against his lofty form ;

He felt no awe, no fear ;
In contrast, like the courser pale [1]
That stalks along Death's pitchy vale
With silent, with gigantic tread,
Trampling the dying and the dead.

Rising from her death-like trance,
Fair Rosa met the stranger's glance ;
She started from his chilling gaze, —
Wild was it as the tempest's blaze,
It shot a lurid gleam of light,
A secret spell of sudden dread,
A mystic, strange, and harrowing fear,
As when the spirits of the dead,
Dressed in ideal shapes appear,
And hideous glance on human sight ;
Scarce could Rosa's frame sustain
The chill that pressed upon her brain.

Anon, that transient spell was o'er ;
Dark clouds deform his brow no more,
But rapid fled away ;
Sweet fascination dwelt around,
Mixed with a soft, a silver sound,
As soothing to the ravished ear,
As what enthusiast lovers hear ;
Which seems to steal along the sky,
When mountain mists are seen to fly
Before the approach of day.
He seized on wondering Rosa's hand,
" And, ah ! " cried he, " be this the band
Shall join us, till this earthly frame
Sinks convulsed in bickering flame —
When around the demons yell,
And drag the sinful wretch to hell,
Then, Rosa, will we part —
Then fate, and only fate's decree,

[1] " Behold a pale horse, and his name that sate upon him was Death, and Hell followed with him." — *Revelations*, vi. 8.

Shall tear thy lovely soul from me,
And rend thee from my heart.
Long has Paulo sought in vain
A friend to share his grief;
Never will he seek again,
For the wretch has found relief,
Till the Prince of Darkness bursts his chain,
Till death and desolation reign.
Rosa, wilt thou then be mine?
Ever fairest, I am thine!"
He ceased, and on the howling blast,
Which wildly round the mountain passed,
Died his accents low;
Yet fiercely howled the midnight storm,
As Paulo bent his awful form,
And leaned his lofty brow.

ROSA

"Stranger, mystic stranger, rise;
Whence do these tumults fill the skies?
Who conveyed me, say, this night,
To this wild and cloud-capped height?
Who art thou? and why am I
Beneath Heaven's pitiless canopy?
For the wild winds roar around my head;
Lightnings redden the wave;
Was it the power of the mighty dead,
Who live beneath the grave?
Or did the Abbess drag me here
To make yon swelling surge my bier?"

PAULO

"Ah, lovely Rosa! cease thy fear,
It was thy friend who bore thee here —
I, thy friend, till this fabric of earth
Sinks in the chaos that gave it birth;
Till the meteor-bolt of the God above
Shall tear its victim from his love, —
That love which must unbroken last,

Till the hour of envious fate is past,
Till the mighty basements of the sky
In bickering hell-flames heated fly.
E'en then will I sit on some rocky height,
Whilst around lower clouds of eternal night ;
E'en then will I loved Rosa save
From the yawning abyss of the grave ;
Or, into the gulf impetuous hurled
If sinks with its latest tenants the world,
Then will our souls in union fly
Throughout the wide and boundless sky ;
Then, free from the ills that envious fate
Has heaped upon our mortal state,
We'll taste ethereal pleasure ;
Such as none but thou canst give,
Such as none but I receive, —
And rapture without measure."

As thus he spoke, a sudden blaze
Of pleasure mingled in his gaze.
Illumined by the dazzling light,
He glows with radiant lustre bright ;
His features with new glory shine,
And sparkle as with beams divine.
"Strange, awful being," Rosa said,
"Whence is this superhuman dread,
That harrows up my inmost frame ?
Whence does this unknown tingling flame
Consume and penetrate my soul ?
By turns with fear and love possessed,
Tumultuous thoughts swell high my breast ;
A thousand wild emotions roll,
And mingle their resistless tide ;
O'er thee some magic arts preside ;
As by the influence of a charm,
Lulled into rest, my griefs subside,
And, safe in thy protecting arm,
I feel no power can do me harm.
But the storm raves wildly o'er the sea, —
Bear me away ! I confide in thee ! "

CANTO II

"I could a tale unfold, whose slightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combinèd locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."
Hamlet.

THE horrors of the mighty blast,
The lowering tempest clouds, were passed —
Had sunk beneath the main;
Light baseless mists were all that fled
Above the weary traveller's head,
As he left the spacious plain.

Fled were the vapors of the night,
Faint streaks of rosy tinted light
Were painted on the matin gray;
And as the sun began to rise
To pour his animating ray,
Glowed with his fire the eastern skies,
The distant rocks, the far-off bay,
The ocean's sweet and lovely blue,
The mountain's variegated breast,
Blushing with tender tints of dawn,
Or with fantastic shadows dressed;
The waving wood, the opening lawn,
Rose to existence, waked anew,
In colors exquisite of hue;
Their mingled charms Victorio viewed,
And lost in admiration stood.

From yesternight how changed the scene,
When howled the blast o'er the dark cliff's side,
And mingled with the maddened roar
Of the wild surge that lashed the shore.
To-day — scarce heard the whispering breeze,
And still and motionless the seas,
Scarce heard the murmuring of their tide;

All, all is peaceful and serene ;
Serenely on Victorio's breast
It breathed a soft and tranquil rest,
Which bade each wild emotion cease,
And hushed the passions into peace.

Along the winding Po he went ;
His footsteps to the spot were bent
Where Paulo dwelt, his wandered friend,
For thither did his wishes tend.
Noble Victorio's race was proud,
From Cosmo's blood he came ;
To him a wild untutored crowd
Of vassals in allegiance bowed,
Illustrious was his name ;
Yet vassals and wealth he scorned to go
Unnoticed with a man of woe ;
Gay hope and expectation sate
Throned in his eager eye,
And, ere he reached the castle gate,
The sun had mounted high.

Wild was the spot where the castle stood,
Its towers embosomed deep in wood ;
Gigantic cliffs, with craggy steeps,
Reared their proud heads on high, —
Their bases were washed by the foaming deeps,
Their summits were hid in the sky ;
From the valley below they excluded the day,
That valley ne'er cheered by the sunbeam's ray ;
Nought broke on the silence drear,
Save the hungry vultures darting by,
Or eagles yelling fearfully,
As they bore to the rocks their prey;
Or when the fell wolf ravening prowled,
Or the gaunt wild boar fiercely howled
His hideous screams on the night's dull ear.
Borne on pleasure's downy wing,
Downy as the breath of spring,

Not thus fled Paulo's hours away,
Though brightened by the cheerful day.
Friendship or wine, or softer love,
The sparkling eye, the foaming bowl,
Could with no lasting rapture move,
Nor still the tumults of his soul.
And yet there was in Rosa's kiss
A momentary thrill of bliss ;
Oft the dark clouds of grief would fly
Beneath the beams of sympathy ;
And love and converse sweet bestow
A transient requiem from woe. —

Strange business, and of import vast,
On things which long ago were past
Drew Paulo oft from home ;
Then would a darker, deeper shade,
By sorrow traced, his brow o'erspread
And o'er his features roam.
Oft as they spent the midnight hour,
And heard the wintry wild winds rave
Midst the roar and spray of the dashing wave,
Was Paulo's dark brow seen to lower.
Then, as the lamp's uncertain blaze
Shed o'er the hall its partial rays,
And shadows strange were seen to fall,
And glide upon the dusky wall,
Would Paulo start with sudden fear.
Why then unbidden gushed the tear,
As he muttered strange words to the ear ?
Why frequent heaved the smothered sigh ?
Why did he gaze on vacancy,
As if some strange form was near ?
Then would the fillet of his brow
Fierce as a fiery furnace glow,
As it burned with red and lambent flame ;
Then would cold shuddering seize his frame,
As gasping he labored for breath.

102 *shudderings*, Shelley, *St. Irvyne*, 1811.

The strange light of his gorgon eye,
As, frenzied and rolling dreadfully,
It glared with terrific gleam,
Would chill like the spectre gaze of death,
As, conjured by feverish dream,
He seems o'er the sick man's couch to stand,
And shakes the dread lance in his skeleton hand.

But when the paroxysm was o'er,
And clouds deformed his brow no more,
Would Rosa soothe his tumults dire,
Would bid him calm his grief,
Would quench reflection's rising fire,
And give his soul relief.
As on his form with pitying eye
The ministering angel hung,
And wiped the drops of agony,
The music of her siren tongue
Lulled forcibly his griefs to rest ;
Like fleeting visions of the dead,
Or midnight dreams, his sorrows fled ;
Waked to new life, through all his soul
A soft delicious languor stole,
And lapped in heavenly ecstasy
He sank and fainted on her breast.

'Twas on an eve, the leaf was sere,
Howled the blast round the castle drear,
The boding night-bird's hideous cry
Was mingled with the warning sky ;
Heard was the distant torrent's dash,
Seen was the lightning's dark red flash,
As it gleamed on the stormy cloud ;
Heard was the troubled ocean's roar,
As its wild waves lashed the rocky shore ;

104 *gaze of his meteor* Shelley, *St. Irvyne*, 1811.
105 *As* || *Which* Shelley, *St. Irvyne*, 1811.
106 *It*, omit ; *hideous* Shelley, *St. Irvyne*, 1811.
110 *dread* || *fell* Shelley, *St. Irvyne*, 1811.

The thunder muttered loud,
As wilder still the lightnings flew ;
Wilder as the tempest blew,
More wildly strange their converse grew.

They talked of the ghosts of the mighty dead, —
If, when the spark of life were fled,
They visited this world of woe ?
Or, were it but a fantasy,
Deceptive to the feverish eye,
When strange forms flashed upon the sight,
And stalked along at the dead of night ?
Or if, in the realms above,
They still, for mortals left below,
Retained the same affection's glow,
In friendship or in love ? —
Debating thus, a pensive train,
Thought upon thought began to rise ;
Her thrilling wild harp Rosa took ;
What sounds in softest murmurs broke
From the seraphic strings !
Celestials borne on odorous wings
Caught the dulcet melodies ;
The life-blood ebbed in every vein,
As Paulo listen'd to the strain.

SONG

What sounds are those that float upon the air,
As if to bid the fading day farewell, —
What form is that so shadowy, yet so fair,
Which glides along the rough and pathless dell ?

Nightly those sounds swell full upon the breeze,
Which seems to sigh as if in sympathy ;
They hang amid yon cliff-embosomed trees,
Or float in dying cadence through the sky.

Now rests that form upon the moonbeam pale,
In piteous strains of woe its vesper sings ;

Now — now it traverses the silent vale,
Borne on transparent ether's viewless wings.

Oft will it rest beside yon abbey's tower,
Which lifts its ivy-mantled mass so high ;
Rears its dark head to meet the storms that lower,
And braves the trackless tempests of the sky.

That form, the embodied spirit of a maid,
Forced by a perjured lover to the grave ;
A desperate fate the maddened girl obeyed,
And from the dark cliffs plunged into the wave.

There the deep murmurs of the restless surge,
The mournful shriekings of the white sea-mew,
The warring waves, the wild winds, sang her dirge,
And o'er her bones the dark red coral grew.

Yet though that form be sunk beneath the main,
Still rests her spirit where its vows were given ;
Still fondly visits each loved spot again,
And pours its sorrows on the ear of Heaven.

That spectre wanders through the abbey dale,
And suffers pangs which such a fate must share ;
Early her soul sank in death's darkened vale,
And ere long all of us must meet her there.

She ceased, and on the listening ear
Her pensive accents died ;
So sad they were, so softly clear,
It seemed as if some angel's sigh
Had breathed the plaintive symphony ;
So ravishingly sweet their close,
The tones awakened Paulo's woes ;
Oppressive recollections rose,
And poured their bitter tide.
Absorbed awhile in grief he stood ;
At length he seemed as one inspired,

His burning fillet blazed with blood —
A lambent flame his features fired.
"The hour is come, the fated hour ;
Whence is this new, this unfelt power ? —
Yes, I've a secret to unfold,
And such a tale as ne'er was told,
A dreadful, dreadful mystery !
Scenes, at whose retrospect e'en now,
Cold drops of anguish on my brow,
The icy chill of death I feel :
Wrap, Rosa, bride, thy breast in steel,
Thy soul with nerves of iron brace,
As to your eyes I darkly trace
My sad, my cruel destiny.

"Victorio, lend your ears, arise,
Let us seek the battling skies,
Wild o'er our heads the thunder crashing,
And at our feet the wild waves dashing,
As tempest, clouds, and billows roll,
In gloomy concert with my soul.
Rosa, follow me —
For my soul is joined to thine,
And thy being's linked to mine —
Rosa, list to me."

CANTO III

"His form had not yet lost
All its original brightness, nor appeared
Less than archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured ; but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
Sate on his faded cheek."

Paradise Lost.

PAULO

'Tis sixteen hundred years ago,
Since I came from Israel's land ;

Sixteen hundred years of woe ! —
With deep and furrowing hand
God's mark is painted on my head ;
Must there remain until the dead
Hear the last trump, and leave the tomb,
And earth spouts fire from her riven womb.

How can I paint that dreadful day,
That time of terror and dismay,
When, for our sins, a Saviour died,
And the meek Lamb was crucified !
As dread that day, when, borne along
To slaughter by the insulting throng,
Infuriate for Deicide,
I mocked our Saviour, and I cried,
"Go, go," "Ah ! I will go," said he,
"Where scenes of endless bliss invite ;
To the blest regions of the light
I go, but thou shalt here remain —
Thou diest not till I come again" —
E'en now, by horror traced, I see
His perforated feet and hands ;
The maddened crowd around him stands ;
Pierces his side the ruffian spear,
Big rolls the bitter anguished tear.
Hark, that deep groan ! — he dies — he dies, —
And breathes, in death's last agonies,
Forgiveness to his enemies.
Then was the noonday glory clouded,
The sun in pitchy darkness shrouded.
Then were strange forms through the darkness gleaming,
And the red orb of night on Jerusalem beaming ;
Which faintly, with ensanguined light,
Dispersed the thickening shades of night.

13 *'Twas on that day, as*
17 *he said,*
21 : —

Nor see thy dying day
Till I return again.

Convulsed, all nature shook with fear,
As if the very end was near;
Earth to her centre trembled;
Rent in twain was the temple's veil;
The graves gave up their dead;
Whilst ghosts and spirits, ghastly pale,
Glared hideous on the sight,
Seen through the dark and lurid air,
As fiends arrayed in light
Threw on the scene a frightful glare,
And, howling, shrieked with hideous yell —
They shrieked in joy, for a Saviour fell!
'Twas then I felt the Almighty's ire;
Then full on my remembrance came
Those words despised, alas! too late!
The horrors of my endless fate
Flashed on my soul and shook my frame;
They scorched my breast as with a flame
Of unextinguishable fire;
An exquisitely torturing pain
Of frenzying anguish fired my brain.
By keen remorse and anguish driven,
I called for vengeance down from Heaven.
But, ah! the all-wasting hand of Time
Might never wear away my crime!
I scarce could draw my fluttering breath —
Was it the appalling grasp of death?
I lay entranced, and deemed he shed
His dews of poppy o'er my head;
But, though the kindly warmth was dead,

36–39: —

> Convulsed, all nature shook with fear,
> Earth trembled as if the end was near.
> Rent was the Temple's vail in twain —
> The graves gave up their dead again.
>
> *Fraser's.*

49–51: —

> Those words flashed on my soul, my frame,
> Scorched breast and brain as with a flame
> Of unextinguishable fire!
>
> *Fraser's.*

The self-inflicted torturing pangs
Of conscience lent their scorpion fangs,
Still life prolonging after life was fled.

Methought what glories met my sight,
As burst a sudden blaze of light
Illumining the azure skies, —
I saw the blessed Saviour rise.
But how unlike to him who bled !
Where then his thorn-encircled head ?
Where the big drops of agony
Which dimmed the lustre of his eye ?
Or deathlike hue that overspread
The features of that heavenly face ?
Gone now was every mortal trace ;
His eyes with radiant lustre beamed —
His form confessed celestial grace,
And with a blaze of glory streamed.
Innumerable hosts around,
Their brows with wreaths immortal crowned,
With amaranthine chaplets bound,
As on their wings the cross they bore,
Deep dyed in the Redeemer's gore,
Attune their golden harps, and sing
Loud hallelujahs to their King.

But in an instant from my sight
Fled were the visions of delight.
Darkness had spread her raven pall ;
Dank, lurid darkness covered all.
All was as silent as the dead ;
I felt a petrifying dread,
Which harrowed up my frame ;
When suddenly a lurid stream
Of dark red light, with hideous gleam,
Shot like a meteor through the night,
And painted Hell upon the skies —
The Hell from whence it came.
What clouds of sulphur seemed to rise !

What sounds were borne upon the air!
The breathings of intense despair —
The piteous shrieks — the wails of woe —
The screams of torment and of pain —
The red-hot rack — the clanking chain!
I gazed upon the gulf below,
Till, fainting from excess of fear,
My tottering knees refused to bear
My odious weight. I sink — I sink!
Already had I reached the brink.
The fiery waves disparted wide
To plunge me in their sulphurous tide;
When, racked by agonizing pain,
I started into life again.

Yet still the impression left behind
Was deeply graven on my mind
In characters whose inward trace
No change or time could e'er deface;
A burning cross illumed my brow,
I hid it with a fillet gray,
But could not hide the wasting woe
That wore my wildered soul away,
And ate my heart with living fire.
I knew it was the avenger's sway,
I felt it was the avenger's ire!

A burden on the face of earth,
I cursed the mother who gave me birth;
I cursed myself — my native land.
Polluted by repeated crimes,
I sought in distant foreign climes
If change of country could bestow
A transient respite from my woe.
Vain from myself the attempt to fly,
Sole cause of my own misery.

Since when, in death-like trance I lay,
Passed, slowly passed, the years away

That poured a bitter stream on me ;
When once I fondly longed to see
Jerusalem, alas ! my native place,
Jerusalem — alas ! no more in name —
No portion of her former fame
Had left behind a single trace.
Her pomp, her splendor, was no more.
Her towers no longer seem to rise
To lift their proud heads to the skies, —
Fane and monumental bust
Long levelled even with the dust.
The holy pavements were stained with gore,
The place where the sacred temple stood
Was crimson-dyed with Jewish blood.
Long since my parents had been dead,
All my posterity had bled
Beneath the dark Crusader's spear,
No friend was left my path to cheer,
To shed a few last setting rays
Of sunshine on my evening days !

Racked by the tortures of the mind,
How have I longed to plunge beneath
The mansions of repelling death !
And strove that resting place to find
Where earthly sorrows cease !
Oft, when the tempest-fiends engaged,
And the warring winds tumultuous raged,
Confounding skies with seas,
Then would I rush to the towering height
Of the gigantic Teneriffe,
Or some precipitous cliff,
All in the dead of the silent night.

159–195 : —

"How have I longed to plunge beneath
The mansions of repelling death
Where earthly sorrows cease !
Oft have I rushed to the towering height
Of the gigantic Teneriffe,
Or some precipitous cliff,
All in the dead of the stormy night,

I have cast myself from the mountain's height,
Above was day — below was night;
The substantial clouds that lowered beneath
Bore my detested form;
They whirled it above the volcanic breath
And the meteors of the storm;
The torrents of electric flame
Scorched to a cinder my fated frame.
Hark to the thunder's awful crash —
Hark to the midnight lightning's hiss!
At length was heard a sullen dash,
Which made the hollow rocks around
Rebellow to the awful sound;
The yawning ocean opening wide
Received me in its vast abyss,
And whelmed me in its foaming tide.
Though my astounded senses fled,
Yet did the spark of life remain;
Then the wild surges of the main
Dashed and left me on the rocky shore.
Oh! would that I had waked no more!
Vain wish! I lived again to feel
Torments more fierce than those of hell!
A tide of keener pain to roll,
And the bruises to enter my inmost soul!

And flung me to the seas.
The substantial clouds that lowered beneath,
Bore my detested form;
They whirled above volcanic breath
And the meteors of the storm.
Hark to the thunder's awful crash!
Hark to the midnight lightning's hiss!
At length was heard a sullen dash,
Which made the hollow rocks around
Rebellow to the awful sound,
The yawning ocean opening wide,
Received me in its vast abyss.
And whelmed me in its foaming tide —
My astounded senses fled!
Oh! would that I had waked no more,
But the wild surge swept my corpse ashore —
I was not with the dead!

Fraser's.

I cast myself in Etna's womb,[1]
If haply I might meet my doom
In torrents of electric flame ;
Thrice happy had I found a grave
'Mid fierce combustion's tumults dire,
'Mid oceans of volcanic fire
Which whirled me in their sulphurous wave,
And scorched to a cinder my hated frame,
Parched up the blood within my veins,
And racked my breast with damning pains, —
Then hurled me from the mountain's entrails dread.
With what unutterable woe
Even now I feel this bosom glow —

[1] "I cast myself from the overhanging summit of the gigantic Teneriffe into the wide weltering ocean. The clouds which hung upon its base below, bore up my odious weight; the foaming billows, swoln by the fury of the northern blast, opened to receive me, and, burying in a vast abyss, at length dashed my almost inanimate frame against the crags. The bruises entered into my soul, but I awoke to life and all its torments. I precipitated myself into the crater of Vesuvius; the bickering flames and melted lava vomited me up again, and though I felt the tortures of the damned, though the sulphureous bitumen scorched the blood within my veins, parched up my flesh and burnt it to a cinder, still did I live to drag the galling chain of existence on. Repeatedly have I exposed myself to the tempestuous battling of the elements; the clouds which burst upon my head in crash terrific and exterminating, and the flaming thunderbolt, hurled headlong on me its victim, stunned but not destroyed me. The lightning, in bickering coruscation, blasted me; and like the scattered [? shattered] oak, which remains a monument of faded grandeur, and outlives the other monarchs of the forest, doomed me to live forever. Nine times did this dagger enter into my heart — the ensanguined tide of existence followed the repeated plunge; at each stroke, unutterable anguish seized my frame, and every limb was convulsed by the pangs of approaching dissolution. The wounds still closed, and still I breathe the hated breath of life."

I have endeavored to deviate as little as possible from the extreme sublimity of idea which the *style* of the German author, of which this is a translation, so forcibly impresses.

I burn — I melt with fervent heat —
Again life's pulses wildly beat —
What endless throbbing pains I live to feel !
The elements respect their Maker's seal, —
That seal deep printed on my fated head.

Still like the scathèd pine-tree's height,
Braving the tempests of the night,
Have I 'scaped the bickering fire.
Like the scathèd pine which a monument stands
Of faded grandeur, which the brands
Of the tempest-shaken air
Have riven on the desolate heath,
Yet it stands majestic even in death,
And rears its wild form there.
Thus have I 'scaped the ocean's roar
The red-hot bolt from God's right hand,
The flaming midnight meteor brand,
And Etna's flames of bickering fire.
Thus am I doomed by fate to stand,
A monument of the Eternal's ire ;
Nor can this being pass away,
Till time shall be no more.

I pierce with intellectual eye,
Into each hidden mystery ;
I penetrate the fertile womb
Of nature ; I produce to light
The secrets of the teeming earth,
And give air's unseen embryos birth ;
The past, the present, and to come,
Float in review before my sight ;
To me is known the magic spell,
To summon e'en the Prince of Hell ;
Awed by the Cross upon my head,
His fiends would obey my mandates dread,
To twilight change the blaze of noon
And stain with spots of blood the moon —

216 *flame* Shelley, St. Irvyne, 1811.

But that an interposing hand
Restrains my potent arts, my else supreme command. —

He raised his passion-quivering hand,
He loosed the gray encircling band,
A burning Cross was there ;
Its color was like to recent blood,
Deep marked upon his brow it stood,
And spread a lambent glare.
Dimmer grew the taper's blaze,
Dazzled by the brighter rays,
Whilst Paulo spoke — 'twas dead of night —
Fair Rosa shuddered with affright ;
Victorio, fearless, had braved death
Upon the blood-besprinkled heath ;
Had heard, unmoved, the cannon's roar,
Echoing along the Wolga's shore.
When the thunder of battle was swelling,
When the birds for their dead prey were yelling,
When the ensigns of slaughter were streaming,
And falchions and bayonets were gleaming,
And almost felt death's chilling hand,
Stretched on ensanguined Wolga's strand,
And, careless, scorned for life to cry,
Yet now he turned aside his eye,
Scarce could his death-like terror bear,
And owned now what it was to fear.

[PAULO]

Once a funeral met my aching sight,
It blasted my eyes at the dead of night,
When the sightless fiends of the tempests rave,
And hell-birds howl o'er the storm-blackened wave.
Nought was seen, save at fits, but the meteor's glare
And the lightnings of God painting hell on the air ;
Nought was heard save the thunder's wild voice in the sky,
And strange birds who, shrieking, fled dismally by.
'Twas then from my head my drenched hair that I tore,

And bade my vain dagger's point drink my life's gore ;
'Twas then I fell on the ensanguined earth,
And cursed the mother who gave me birth !
My maddened brain could bear no more —
Hark ! the chilling whirlwind's roar ;
The spirits of the tombless dead
Flit around my fated head, —
Howl horror and destruction round,
As they quaff my blood that stains the ground,
And shriek amid their deadly stave, —
" Never shalt thou find the grave !
Ever shall thy fated soul
In life's protracted torments roll,
Till, in latest ruin hurled,
And fate's destruction, sinks the world !
Till the dead arise from the yawning ground,
To meet their Maker's last decree,
Till angels of vengeance flit around,
And loud yelling demons seize on thee ! "
Ah ! would were come that fated hour,
When the clouds of chaos around shall lower ;
When this globe calcined by the fury of God
Shall sink beneath his wrathful nod ! —

As thus he spake, a wilder gaze
Of fiend-like horror lit his eye
With a most unearthly blaze,
As if some phantom-form passed by.
At last he stilled the maddening wail
Of grief, and thus pursued his tale : —

Oft I invoke the fiends of hell,
And summon each in dire array —
I know they dare not disobey
My stern, my powerful spell.
Once on a night, when not a breeze
Ruffled the surface of the seas,
The elements were lulled to rest,
And all was calm save my sad breast, —

On death resolved — intent,
I marked a circle round my form ;
About me sacred relics spread,
The relics of magicians dead,
And potent incantations read —
I waited their event.

All at once grew dark the night,
Mists of swarthiness hung o'er the pale moonlight.
Strange yells were heard, the boding cry
Of the night raven that flitted by,
Whilst the silver wingèd mew,
Startled with screams, o'er the dark wave flew.
'Twas then I seized a magic wand,
The wand by an enchanter given,
And deep dyed in his heart's red blood.
The crashing thunder pealed aloud ;
I saw the portentous meteor's glare
And the lightnings gleam o'er the lurid air ;
I raised the wand in my trembling hand,
And pointed Hell's mark at the zenith of Heaven.

A superhuman sound
Broke faintly on the listening air ;
Like to a silver harp the notes,
And yet they were more soft and clear.
I wildly strained my eyes around —
Again the unknown music floats.
Still stood Hell's mark above my head —
In wildest accents I summoned the dead —
And through the unsubstantial night
It diffused a strange and fiendish light ;
Spread its rays to the charnel-house air,
And marked mystic forms on the dark vapors there.
The winds had ceased — a thick dark smoke
From beneath the pavement broke ;
Around ambrosial perfumes breathe
A fragrance, grateful to the sense,
And bliss, past utterance, dispense.

The heavy mists, encircling, wreath,
Disperse, and gradually unfold
A youthful female form ; — she rode
Upon a rosy-tinted cloud ;
Bright streamed her flowing locks of gold ;
She shone with radiant lustre bright,
And blazed with strange and dazzling light ;
A diamond coronet decked her brow,
Bloomed on her cheek a vermeil glow ;
The terrors of her fiery eye
Poured forth insufferable day,
And shed a wildly lurid ray.
A smile upon her features played,
But there, too, sate portrayed
The inventive malice of a soul
Where wild demoniac passions roll ;
Despair and torment on her brow,
Had marked a melancholy woe
In dark and deepened shade.
Under those hypocritic smiles,
Deceitful as the serpent's wiles,
Her hate and malice were concealed ;
Whilst on her guilt-confessing face,
Conscience the strongly printed trace
Of agony betrayed,
And all the fallen angel stood revealed.
She held a poniard in her hand,
The point was tinged by the lightning's brand ;
In her left a scroll she bore,
Crimsoned deep with human gore ;
And, as above my head she stood,
Bade me smear it with my blood.
She said that when it was my doom
That every earthly pang should cease,
The evening of my mortal woe
Would close beneath the yawning tomb,
And, lulled into the arms of death,
I should resign my laboring breath,
And in the sightless realms below

Enjoy an endless reign of peace.
She ceased — O, God, I thank thy grace,
Which bade me spurn the deadly scroll;
Uncertain for a while I stood —
The dagger's point was in my blood.
Even now I bleed! — I bleed!
When suddenly what horrors flew,
Quick as the lightnings, through my frame;
Flashed on my mind the infernal deed,
The deed which would condemn my soul
To torments of eternal flame.
Drops colder than the cavern dew
Quick coursed each other down my face,
I labored for my breath;
At length I cried, "Avaunt! thou fiend of Hell,
Avaunt! thou minister of death!"
I cast the volume on the ground,
Loud shrieked the fiend with piercing yell,
And more than mortal laughter pealed around.
The scattered fragments of the storm
Floated along the Demon's form,
Dilating till it touched the sky;
The clouds that rolled athwart his eye,
Revealed by its terrific ray,
Brilliant as the noontide day,
Gleamed with a lurid fire;
Red lightnings darted around his head,
Thunders hoarse as the groans of the dead
Pronounced their Maker's ire;
A whirlwind rushed impetuous by,
Chaos of horror filled the sky;
I sunk convulsed with awe and dread.
When I waked the storm was fled,
But sounds unholy met my ear,
And fiends of hell were flitting near.

Here let me pause — here end my tale,
My mental powers begin to fail;
At this short retrospect I faint;

Scarce beats my pulse — I lose my breath,
I sicken even unto death.
Oh! hard would be the task to paint
And gift with life past scenes again;
To knit a long and linkless chain,
Or strive minutely to relate
The varied horrors of my fate.
Rosa! I could a tale disclose,
So full of horror — full of woes,
Such as might blast a demon's ear,
Such as a fiend might shrink to hear —
But, no —

Here ceased the tale. Convulsed with fear,
The tale yet lived in Rosa's ear —
She felt a strange mysterious dread,
A chilling awe as of the dead;
Gleamed on her sight the Demon's form?
Heard she the fury of the storm?
The cries and hideous yells of death?
Tottered the ground her feet beneath?
Was it the fiend before her stood?
Saw she the poniard drop with blood?
All seemed to her distempered eye
A true and sad reality
. . . . . .

CANTO IV

Οὔτοι, γυναῖκας, ἀλλὰ Γοργόνας λέγω·
οὐδ' αὖτε Γοργείοισιν εἰκάσω τύποις·
—— μέλαιναι δ' ἐς τὸ πᾶν βδελύκτροποι·
ῥέγκουσι δ' οὐ πλατοῖσι φυσιάμασιν·
ἐκ δ' ὀμμάτων λείβουσι δυσφιλῆ βίαν.

ÆSCHYLUS, *Eumenides*, v. 48.

"What are ye
So withered and so wild in your attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants of earth,
And yet are on't? — Live you, or are you aught
That man may question?"

Macbeth.

AH! why does man, whom God has sent
As the Creation's ornament,
Who stands amid his works confessed
The first — the noblest — and the best,
Whose vast — whose comprehensive eye,
Is bounded only by the sky,
O'erlook the charms which Nature yields,
The garniture of woods and fields,
The sun's all vivifying light,
The glory of the moon by night,
And to himself alone a foe,
Forget from whom these blessings flow?
And is there not in friendship's eye,
Beaming with tender sympathy,
An antidote to every woe?
And cannot woman's love bestow
An heavenly paradise below?
Such joys as these to man are given,
And yet you dare to rail at Heaven;
Vainly oppose the Almighty Cause,
Transgress His universal laws;
Forfeit the pleasures that await
The virtuous in this mortal state;

Question the goodness of the Power on high,
In misery live, despairing die.
What then is man, how few his days,
And heightened by what transient rays ;
Made up of plans of happiness,
Of visionary schemes of bliss ;
The varying passions of his mind
Inconstant, varying as the wind;
Now hushed to apathetic rest,
Now tempested with storms his breast ;
Now with the fluctuating tide
Sunk low in meanness, swoln with pride ;
Thoughtless, or overwhelmed with care,
Hoping, or tortured by despair !

The sun had sunk beneath the hill,
Soft fell the dew, the scene was still ;
All nature hailed the evening's close.
Far more did lovely Rosa bless
The twilight of her happiness.
Even Paulo blessed the tranquil hour
As in the aromatic bower,
Or wandering through the olive grove,
He told his plaintive tale of love ;
But welcome to Victorio's soul
Did the dark clouds of evening roll !
But, ah ! what means his hurried pace,
Those gestures strange, that varying face ;
Now pale with mingled rage and ire,
Now burning with intense desire ;
That brow where brood the imps of care,
That fixed expression of despair,
That haste, that laboring for breath —
His soul is madly bent on death.
A dark resolve is in his eye,
Victorio raves — I hear him cry,
"Rosa is Paulo's eternally."

But whence is that soul-harrowing moan,
Deep drawn and half suppressed —

A low and melancholy tone,
That rose upon the wind ?
Victorio wildly gazed around,
He cast his eyes upon the ground,
He raised them to the spangled air,
But all was still — was quiet there.
Hence, hence, this superstitious fear ;
'Twas but the fever of his mind
That conjured the ideal sound,
To his distempered ear.

With rapid step, with frantic haste,
He scoured the long and dreary waste ;
And now the gloomy cypress spread
Its darkened umbrage o'er his head ;
The stately pines above him high
Lifted their tall heads to the sky ;
Whilst o'er his form, the poisonous yew
And melancholy nightshade threw
Their baleful deadly dew.
At intervals the moon shone clear ;
Yet, passing o'er her disk, a cloud
Would now her silver beauty shroud.
The autumnal leaf was parched and sere ;
It rustled like a step to fear.
The precipice's battled height
Was dimly seen through the mists of night,
As Victorio moved along.
At length he reached its summit dread,
The night-wind whistled round his head
A wild funereal song.
A dying cadence swept around
Upon the waste of air ;
It scarcely might be called a sound,
For stillness yet was there,
Save when the roar of the waters below
Was wafted by fits to the mountain's brow.
Here for a while Victorio stood
Suspended o'er the yawning flood,

And gazed upon the gulf beneath.
No apprehension paled his cheek,
No sighs from his torn bosom break,
No terror dimmed his eye.
"Welcome, thrice welcome, friendly death,"
In desperate harrowing tone he cried,
"Receive me, ocean, to your breast,
Hush this ungovernable tide,
This troubled sea to rest.
Thus do I bury all my grief —
This plunge shall give my soul relief,
This plunge into eternity!"
I see him now about to spring
Into the watery grave:
Hark! the death angel flaps his wing
O'er the blackened wave.
Hark! the night-raven shrieks on high
To the breeze which passes on;
Clouds o'ershade the moonlight sky —
The deadly work is almost done —
When a soft and silver sound,
Softer than the fairy song
Which floats at midnight hour along
The daisy-spangled ground,
Was borne upon the wind's soft swell.
Victorio started — 'twas the knell
Of some departed soul;
Now on the pinion of the blast,
Which o'er the craggy mountain passed,
The lengthened murmurs roll —
Till, lost in ether, dies away
The plaintive, melancholy lay.
'Tis said congenial sounds have power
To dissipate the mists that lower
Upon the wretch's brow —
To still the maddening passions' war —
To calm the mind's impetuous jar —
To turn the tide of woe.
Victorio shuddered with affright,

Swam o'er his eyes thick mists of night;
Even now he was about to sink
Into the ocean's yawning womb,
But that the branches of an oak,
Which, riven by the lightning's stroke,
O'erhung the precipice's brink,
Preserved him from the billowy tomb;
Quick throbbed his pulse with feverish heat,
He wildly started on his feet,
And rushed from the mountain's height.

The moon was down, but through the air
Wild meteors spread a transient glare;
Borne on the wing of the swelling gale,
Above the dark and woody dale,
Thick clouds obscured the sky.
All was now wrapped in silence drear,
Not a whisper broke on the listening ear,
Not a murmur floated by.

In thought's perplexing labyrinth lost
The trackless heath he swiftly crossed.
Ah! why did terror blanch his cheek?
Why did his tongue attempt to speak,
And fail in the essay?
Through the dark midnight mists an eye,
Flashing with crimson brilliancy,
Poured on his face its ray.
"What sighs pollute the midnight air?
What mean those breathings of despair?"
Thus asked a voice, whose hollow tone
Might seem but one funereal moan.
Victorio groaned, with faltering breath,
"I burn with love, I pant for death!"

Suddenly a meteor's glare,
With brilliant flash illumed the air;
Bursting through clouds of sulphurous smoke,
As on a Witch's form it broke,

Of herculean bulk her frame
Seemed blasted by the lightning's flame ;
Her eyes that flared with lurid light,
Were now with bloodshot lustre filled.
They blazed like comets through the night,
And now thick rheumy gore distilled ;
Black as the raven's plume, her locks
Loose streamed upon the pointed rocks ;
Wild floated on the hollow gale,
Or swept the ground in matted trail ;
Vile loathsome weeds, whose pitchy fold
Were blackened by the fire of Hell,
Her shapeless limbs of giant mould
Scarce served to hide — as she the while
"Grinned horribly a ghastly smile,"
And shrieked with demon yell.

Terror unmanned Victorio's mind,
His limbs, like lime leaves in the wind,
Shook, and his brain in wild dismay
Swam — vainly he strove to turn away.
"Follow me to the mansions of rest,"
The weird female cried ;
The life-blood rushed through Victorio's breast
In full and swelling tide.
Attractive as the eagle's gaze,
And bright as the meridian blaze,
Led by a sanguine stream of light,
He followed through the shades of night —
Before him his conductress fled,
As swift as the ghosts of the dead,
When on some dreadful errand they fly,
In a thunderblast sweeping the sky.

They reached a rock whose beetling height
Was dimly seen through the clouds of night ;
Illumined by the meteor's blaze,
Its wild crags caught the reddened rays

And their refracted brilliance threw
Around a solitary yew,
Which stretched its blasted form on high,
Braving the tempests of the sky.
As glared the flame, a caverned cell,
More pitchy than the shades of Hell,
Lay open to Victorio's view.
Lost for an instant was his guide ;
He rushed into the mountain's side.
At length with deep and harrowing yell
She bade him quickly speed,
For that ere again had risen the moon
'Twas fated that there must be done
A strange — a deadly deed.

Swift as the wind Victorio sped ;
Beneath him lay the mangled dead ;
Around dank putrefaction's power
Had caused a dim blue mist to lower.
Yet an unfixed, a wandering light
Dispersed the thickening shades of night ;
Yet the weird female's features dire
Gleamed through the lurid yellow air,
With a deadly livid fire,
Whose wild, inconstant, dazzling light
Dispelled the tenfold shades of night,
Whilst her hideous fiendlike eye,
Fixed on her victim with horrid stare,
Flamed with more kindled radiancy ;
More frightful far than that of Death,
When exulting he stalks o'er the battle heath ;
Or of the dread prophetic form,
Who rides the curled clouds in the storm,
And borne upon the tempest's wings,
Death, despair, and horror brings.
Strange voices then and shrieks of death
Were borne along the trackless heath ;
Tottered the ground his steps beneath ;

Rustled the blast o'er the dark cliff's side,
And their works unhallowed spirits plied,
As they shed their baneful breath.
Yet Victorio hastened on —
Soon the dire deed will be done.
"Mortal," the female cried, "this night
Shall dissipate thy woe ;
And, ere return of morning light,
The clouds that shade thy brow
Like fleeting summer mists shall fly
Before the sun that mounts on high.
I know the wishes of thy heart —
A soothing balm I could impart :
Rosa is Paulo's — can be thine,
For the secret power is mine."

VICTORIO

Give me that secret power — Oh ! give
To me fair Rosa — I will live
To bow to thy command.
Rosa but mine — and I will fly
E'en to the regions of the sky,
Will traverse every land.

WITCH

Calm then those transports and attend,
Mortal, to one, who is thy friend —
The charm begins. —

An ancient book
Of mystic characters she took ;
Her loose locks floated on the air ;
Her eyes were fixed in lifeless stare ;
She traced a circle on the floor,
Around dank chilling vapors lower ;
A golden cross on the pavement she threw,
'Twas tinged with a flame of lambent blue,
From which bright scintillations flew ;

By it she cursed her Saviour's soul ;
Around strange fiendish laughs did roll,
A hollow, wild, and frightful sound,
At fits was heard to float around.
She uttered then, in accents dread,
Some maddening rhyme that wakes the dead,
And forces every shivering fiend
To her their demon-forms to bend ;
At length a wild and piercing shriek,
As the dark mists disperse and break,
Announced the coming Prince of Hell —
His horrid form obscured the cell.
Victorio shrunk, unused to shrink,
E'en at extremest danger's brink ;
The witch then pointed to the ground,
Infernal shadows flitted around
And with their Prince were seen to rise ;
The cavern bellows with their cries,
Which, echoing through a thousand caves,
Sound like as many tempest waves.

Inspired and wrapped in bickering flame,
The strange, the awful being stood.

281–283 : —

Then savage laughter round did roll,
A hollow, wild, and frightful sound,
In air above, and under ground.

291–299 : —

But when his form obscured the cell,
What words could paint, what tongue could tell,
The terrors of his look !
The witch's heart, unused to shrink
Even at extremest danger's brink,
With deadliest terror shook !
And with their Prince were seen to rise
Spirits of every shape and hue, —
A hideous and infernal crew,
With hell-fires flashing from their eyes.
The cavern bellows with their cries,
Which, echoing through a thousand caves,
Sound like as many tempest-waves.

301 *The strange and wild enchantress stood ; —*

Words unpremeditated came
In unintelligible flood
From her black tumid lips, arrayed
In livid fiendish smiles of joy ;
Lips, which now dropped with deadly dew,
And now, extending wide, displayed
Projecting teeth of mouldy hue,
As with a loud and piercing cry
A mystic, harrowing lay she sang ;
Along the rocks a death-peal rang ;
In accents hollow, deep and drear,
They struck upon Victorio's ear.
As ceased the soul-appalling verse,
Obedient to its power grew still
The hellish shrieks ; the mists disperse ;
Satan — a shapeless, hideous beast —
In all his horrors stood confessed !
And as his vast proportions fill
The lofty cave, his features dire
Gleam with a pale and sulphurous fire ;
From his fixed glance of deadly hate
Even she *shrunk back, appalled with dread —*
For there contempt and malice sate,
And from his basiliskine eye
Sparks of living fury fly,
Which wanted but a being to strike dead.
A wilder, a more awful spell
Now echoed through the long-drawn cell ;
The demon bowed to its mandates dread.
"Receive this potent drug," he cried,
"Whoever quaffs its fatal tide,
Is mingled with the dead."
Swept by a rushing sulphurous blast,
Which wildly through the cavern passed,

308 *blue*
311–313 : —

The rocks, as with a death-peal, rang
And the dread accents, deep and drear,
Struck terror on the dark night's ear !

The fatal word was borne.
The cavern trembled with the sound,[1]
Trembled beneath his feet the ground ;
With strong convulsions torn,
Victorio, shuddering, fell ;
But soon awakening from his trance,
He cast around a fearful glance,
Yet gloomy was the cell,
Save where a lamp's uncertain flare
Cast a flickering, dying glare.

WITCH

Receive this dear-earned drug — its power
Thou, mortal, soon shalt know :
This drug shall be thy nuptial dower,
This drug shall seal thy woe.
Mingle it with Rosa's wine,
Victorio — Rosa then is thine.

She spake, and, to confirm the spell,
A strange and subterranean sound
Reverberated long around
In dismal echoes — the dark cell
Rocked as in terror — through the sky
Hoarse thunders murmured awfully,
And, winged with horror, darkness spread
Her mantle o'er Victorio's head.
He gazed around with dizzy fear,
No fiend, no witch, no cave, was near ;
But the blasts of the forest were heard to roar,
The wild ocean's billows to dash on the shore.
The cold winds of Heaven struck chill on his frame ;
For the cave had been heated by hell's blackening flame,
And his hand grasped a casket — the philtre was there !
. . . . . .

[1] "Death !
Hell trembled at the hideous name and sighed
From all its caves, and back resounded death."
Paradise Lost.

Sweet is the whispering of the breeze
Which scarcely sways yon summer trees ;
Sweet is the pale moon's pearly beam,
Which sleeps upon the silver stream,
In slumber cold and still :
Sweet those wild notes of harmony,
Are wafted from yon hill ;
Which on the blast that passes by,
So low, so thrilling, yet so clear,
Which strike enthusiast fancy's ear, —
Which sweep along the moonlight sky,
Like notes of heavenly symphony.

SONG

See yon opening flower
Spreads its fragrance to the blast ;
It fades within an hour,
Its decay is pale, is fast.
Paler is yon maiden ;
Faster is her heart's decay ;
Deep with sorrow laden,
She sinks in death away.
. . . . . .
'Tis the silent dead of night —
Hark ! hark ! what shriek so low yet clear,
Breaks on calm rapture's pensive ear
From Lara's castled height ?
'Twas Rosa's death-shriek fell !
What sound is that which rides the blast,
As onward its fainter murmurs passed ?
'Tis Rosa's funeral knell !
What step is that the ground which shakes ?
'Tis the step of a wretch, Nature shrinks from his tread ;
And beneath their tombs tremble the shuddering dead ;
And while he speaks the churchyard quakes.

379 *rose*, Medwin, 1847.
380 *gale*, Medwin, 1847.
382 *fast, is pale*, Medwin, 1847.

PAULO

Lies she there for the worm to devour,
Lies she there till the judgment hour,
Is then my Rosa dead!
False fiend! I curse thy futile power!
O'er her form will lightnings flash,
O'er her form will thunders crash,
But harmless from my head
Will the fierce tempest's fury fly,
Rebounding to its native sky.—
Who is the God of Mercy? — where
Enthroned the power to save?
Reigns he above the viewless air?
Lives he beneath the grave?
To him would I lift my suppliant moan,
That power should hear my harrowing groan; —
Is it then Christ's terrific Sire?
Ah! I have felt his burning ire,
I feel, — I feel it now, —
His flaming mark is fixed on my head,
And must there remain in traces dread;
Wild anguish glooms my brow;
Oh! Griefs like mine that fiercely burn

398–429 : —

" Lies she there for the worm to devour ?
Lies she there till the judgment hour ?
Is then my Rosa dead ?
False fiend ! I curse thy futile power !
O'er her form will lightnings flash,
O'er her form will thunders crash,
But harmless from my head
Will the fierce tempest's fury fly,
Rebounding to its native sky.
Who is the God of Mercy ? — where
Enthrones the power to save ?
Reigns he above the viewless air ?
Lives he beneath the grave ?
To him would I lift my suppliant moan,
That power should hear my harrowing groan ;
Is it then Christ's terrific Sire ?
Ah ! I have felt his burning ire, —

Where is the balm can heal!
Where is the monumental urn
Can bid to dust this frame return,
Or quench the pangs I feel!"
As thus he spoke grew dark the sky,
Hoarse thunders murmured awfully,
" O Demon! I am thine!" he cried.
A hollow fiendish voice replied,
" Come! for thy doom is misery."

DOUBTFUL POEMS CONTINUED

The Dinner Party Anticipated: A Paraphrase of Horace III. 19. This poem was found by Forman among the Hunt MSS. in Mrs. Shelley's handwriting. It was printed in Hunt's *Companion*, March 26, 1828, without the name of the translator. There is no other evidence that it was written by Shelley, and it is rejected by Dowden.

The Magic Horse: Translated from the Italian of Cristofano Bronzino. This poem forms a continuous manuscript with that of the preceding, and is also rejected by Dowden.

To the Queen of My Heart. Published by Medwin, the *Shelley Papers*, 1833, and by Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1], and also by Forman and Dowden.

Mrs. Shelley, 1839[2], p. 11: "It was suggested that the poem *To the Queen of My Heart* was falsely attributed to Shelley; and certainly I find no trace of it among his papers; and, as those of his intimate friends whom I have consulted never heard of it, I omit it."

Eclectic Review, 1851 (ii.), 66: "It is curious to observe the wisdom and penetration of those who have at all mingled in literary society. They read an author, study his pecu-

Wild anguish glooms my brow;
His flaming mark is fixed on my head,
And must there remain in traces dread;
I feel — I feel it now!"

As thus he spoke grew dark the sky,
Hoarse thunders murmured awfully,
" O Demon! I am thine!" he cried,
A hollow, fiendish voice replied,
" Come! for thy doom is misery!"

Fraser's.

liarities and style, and imagine they perfectly understand his whole system of thought, and could detect one mistake instantly. But to show that even authors themselves are not always infallible judges, we will relate an anecdote which has never yet been made public, though, having received it from an undoubted source, we venture to vouch for its veracity. Shelley, whose poems many years ago were so much read and admired, necessarily excited much discussion in literary circles. A party of literary men were one evening engaged in canvassing his merits, when one of them declared that he knew the turns of Shelley's mind so well that amongst a thousand anonymous pieces he would detect his, no matter when published. Mr. James Augustus St. John, who was present, not liking the blustering tone of the speaker, remarked that he thought he was mistaken, and that it would, amongst so many, be difficult to trace the style of Shelley. Every one present, however, sided with his opponent, and agreed that it was perfectly impossible that any one could imitate his style. A few days after a poem, entitled *To the Queen of My Heart*, appeared in the *London Weekly Review*, with Shelley's signature, but written by Mr. St. John himself. The same coterie met and discussed the poem brought to their notice, and prided themselves much upon their discrimination: said they at once recognized the 'style of Shelley, could not be mistaken, his soul breathed through it — it was himself.' And so *The Queen of My Heart* was settled to be Shelley's! and to this day it is numbered with his poems (see Shelley's *Works*, edited by Mrs. Shelley, vol. iv. p. 166. It deceived even his wife), and very few are in the secret that it is not actually his. The imitation was perfect, and completely deceived every one, much to the discomfiture of all concerned."

The Bookman, October, 1891, Dowden to the Editor: "The passage from the *Eclectic Review* is new to me, and is very interesting. Mrs. Shelley first printed and then rejected *Queen of My Heart*. Medwin had previously printed it as Shelley's. Forman prints it among *Juvenilia*. Garnett rejects it. I printed it, but with great misgivings, and with a footnote to warn the reader that it is of doubtful authenticity,

placing it, as Forman does, among the *Juvenilia*. It ought never to have been mistaken for a poem of Shelley's maturity, and Medwin's authority is the only ground for admitting it among Shelley's poems. I do not believe he wrote it."

LOST POEMS

Horsham Publication. Reminiscences of a Newspaper Editor, Fraser's, June, 1841 : "It was his [Sir Bysshe Shelley] purse which supplied young Bysshe with the means of printing many of his fugitive pieces. These issued from the press of a printer at Horsham named Phillips ; and although they were not got up in good style, the expense was much greater than Shelley could have afforded, if he had not received assistance from his grandfather." No examples are known.

Original Poetry. By Victor and Cazire. Morning Post, September 18, 1810 : "This day is published in royal 8vo. Price 4s. in boards, original poetry by Victor and Cazire sold by Stockdale, Jr., No. 41 Pall Mall." No copy is known.

Shelley (from Field Place) to Stockdale, September 6, 1810 : "I enclose you the title page of the poems, which as you will see you have mistaken on account of the illegibility of my handwriting. I have had the last proof impression from my printer this morning, and I suppose the execution of the work will not be long delayed. As soon as it possibly can it shall reach you, and believe me Sir, grateful for the interest you take in it." *Stockdale's Budget*, 1827. Hotten, i. 39, 40.

Garnett, *Macmillan's Magazine*, June, 1860 : "In the autumn of 1810 he [Shelley] presented himself at the publisher's place of business, and requested his aid in extricating him from a dilemma in which he had involved himself by commissioning a printer at Horsham to strike off one thousand four hundred and eighty copies of a volume of poems without having the wherewithal to discharge his account. He could hardly have expected Stockdale to do it for him, and the latter's silence is conclusive testimony that he contributed no pecuniary assistance, liberal as he doubtless was with good advice. By some means, however, the mute in-

glorious Aldus of Horsham was appeased, and the copies of the work transferred to Stockdale, who proceeded to advertise them, and take the other usual steps to promote their sale [here Garnett conjectures that Shelley's partner in the composition was his cousin, Harriet Grove]. It had hardly been published a week when Stockdale, inspecting it with more attention than he had previously had leisure to bestow, recognized one of the pieces as an old acquaintance in the pages of M. G. Lewis, author of *The Monk*. . . . Stockdale lost no time in communicating his discovery to his employer, whose mortification may be imagined, and his directions for the instant suppression of the Edition anticipated. By this time, however, nearly a hundred copies had been put into circulation."

The volume was also advertised in *The Morning Chronicle* as above, *The Morning Post*, September 19th, *The Times*, October 12th. It was noticed as follows: —

The Poetical Register, 1810–1811, — *Original Poetry. By Victor and Cazire.* Small 8vo. pp. 64: "There is no 'original *poetry*' in this volume; there is nothing in it but downright scribble. It is really annoying to see the waste of paper which is made by such persons as the putters-together of these sixty-four pages. There is, however, one consolation for the critics, who are obliged to read all this sort of trash. It is, that the crime of publishing is generally followed by condign punishment, in the shape of bills from the stationer and printer, and in the chilling tones of the bookseller, when, to the questions of the anxious rhymer, how the book sells, he answers that not more than half a dozen copies have been sold." Forman, *The Shelley Library*, p. 7.

The British Critic, April, 1811: "When we ventured to say that poetical taste and genius abound in the present day, we by no means intended to assert, that we always meet with either the one or the other. Miserable, indeed, are the attempts which we are often doomed to encounter; so miserable sometimes that it seems quite wonderful how any individuals fancying themselves able to write should be so far behind their contemporaries. One of the unknown authors of this volume begins by complaining, most sincerely, we

are convinced, of the difficulty of writing grammatically, but there is another difficulty, which seems never to have entered the lady's head (if a lady !) — that is, the difficulty of writing *metrically*. In this she is still less successful than in the other, and does not seem at all to suspect it. The verse intended to be used is that of 'The Bath Guide,' and so it is *sometimes;* but sometimes also not. For example : —

"'This they friendly will tell, and n'er make you blush,
With a jeering look, taunt, or an O fie ! tush !
Then straight all your thoughts in black and white put,
Not minding the *if's*, the *be's*, and the *but's*.' — P. 6.

Again : —

"'My excuse shall be humble, and faithful, and true
Such as I fear can be made but by few.' — P. 7.

This *humble* and *faithful* lady lays claim *only* to 'sense, wit, and grammar !' Yet she tells her friend : —

"'Be not a coward, *shrink* not a tense,
But read it all over, *and make it out sense.*
What a tiresome girl ! — pray soon make an end.' " — P. 9.

This last line, if not measure, contains at least truth in the first part, and a reasonable wish in the second.

"Two epistles, in this exquisite style, begin the volume, which is filled up by songs of sentimental nonsense, and very absurd tales of horror. It is perfectly clear, therefore, that whatever we may say in favor of the poetry of this time, such volumes as this have no share in the commendation. One thing may be said in its favor, that the printer has done his task well ; would he had been employed on something better ! If he has taste as well as skill, he must dread the names of Victor and Cazire."

An Essay on Love. Shelley (from Keswick) to Godwin, January 16, 1812 : "I have desired the publications of my early youth to be sent to you. You will perceive that *Zastrozzi* and *St. Irvyne* were written prior to my acquaintance with your writings — the *Essay on Love*, a little poem, since." Hogg, ii. 62. No copy is known.

A Poetical Essay on the Existing State of Things. The *Oxford Herald*, March 9, 1811: Literature. / Just published,

Price Two Shillings, A Poetical Essay / on the / Existing State of Things. /

> And Famine at her bidding wasted wide /
> The Wretched Land, till in the Public way, /
> Promiscuous where the dead and dying lay, /
> Dogs fed on human bones in the open light of day. /
> CURSE OF KEHAMA. /

By a / Gentleman of the University of Oxford. / For assisting to maintain in prison / Mr. Peter Finnerty, / imprisoned for a libel. / London / : sold by B. Crosby & Co., / and all other book-sellers. / 1811. No copy is known.

The Weekly Messenger, Dublin, March 7, 1812: "Mr. Shelley, commiserating the sufferings of our distinguished countryman, Mr. Finnerty, whose exertions in the cause of political freedom he much admired, wrote a very beautiful poem, the profits of which we understand, from *undoubted* authority, Mr. Shelley remitted to Mr. Finnerty: we have heard they amounted to nearly one hundred pounds." MacCarthy, *Shelley's Early Life*, p. 255.

A Diary, Illustrative of the Times of George the Fourth. C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe (from Christ Church, Oxford) to —— March 15, 1811: —

"Talking of books, we have lately had a literary Sun shine forth upon us here, before whom our former luminaries must hide their diminished heads — a Mr. Shelley, of University College, who lives upon arsenic, aqua-fortis, half-an-hour's sleep in the night, and is desperately in love with the memory of Margaret Nicholson. He hath published what he terms the Posthumous Poems, printed for the benefit of Mr. Peter Finnerty, which, I am grieved to say, though stuffed full of treason, is extremely dull, but the Author is a great genius, and if he be not clapped up in Bedlam or hanged, will certainly prove one of the sweetest swans on the tuneful margin of the Charwell. . . . Our Apollo next came out with a prose pamphlet in praise of atheism . . . and there appeared a monstrous romance in one volume, called *St. Ircoyne* [*sic*], *or the Rosicrucian.* Shelley's last exhibition is a *Poem on the State of Public Affairs.*" Forman, *Shelley Library*, pp. 21, 22.

From these conflicting statements it appears certain that Shelley printed some poem for the benefit of Finnerty. The profits (£100) may refer to the public subscription made for Finnerty to which Shelley was a contributor. See *The Satire of 1811*, below.

Lines on a Fête at Carlton House. C. H. Grove to Miss Helen Shelley, February 25, 1857 : "I forgot to mention before, that during the early part of the summer which Bysshe spent in town after leaving Oxford the Prince Regent gave a splendid fête at Carlton House, in which the novelty was introduced of a stream of water, in imitation of a river, meandering down the middle of a very long table in a temporary tent erected in Carlton Gardens. This was much commented upon in the papers, and laughed at by the Opposition. Bysshe also was of the number of those who disapproved of the fête and its accompaniments. He wrote a poem on the subject of about fifty lines, which he published immediately, wherein he apostrophized the Prince as sitting on the bank of his tiny river : and he amused himself with throwing copies into the carriages of persons going to Carlton House after the fête." Hogg, ii. 556, 557.

No copy of this poem is known, but some lines from it will be found in JUVENILIA. A burlesque letter from Shelley to Graham, no date, is connected with this poem by Forman, *Shelley Library*, p. 24, and by Dowden, i. 136, 137, but it seems doubtful whether the Ode, there mentioned, is not the translation of the Marseillaise Hymn, of which one stanza is there given.

Satire : 1811. Shelley (from Field Place) to Hogg, December 20, 1810 : "I am composing a *satirical* poem : I shall print it at Oxford, unless I find on visiting him that R[obinson] is ripe for printing whatever will sell. In case of that he is my man." Hogg, i. 143.

Thornton Hunt : note on *The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt*, ii. 21 : "Mr. Rowland Hunter, who first brought Leigh Hunt and his most valued friend personally together. Shelley had brought a manuscript poem, which proved by no means suited to the publishing house in St. Paul's churchyard. But Mr. Hunter sent the young reformer to seek the counsel of Leigh Hunt."

Forman suggests that the manuscript poem offered to Hunter was the same mentioned in the letter to Hogg : and he conjectures, that a poem entitled "*Lines addressed to His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, on his being appointed Regent*," by Philopatria, Jr., and printed in London by Sherwood, Neely & Jones (later connected with the publication of *Laon and Cythna*) 1811, is the missing satire. Dowden rejects the conjecture.

MacCarthy (*Shelley's Early Life*, 102–106) conjectures that the *Poetical Essay on the Existing State of Things* is the missing satire.

The Creator. Shelley (from the Baths of San Giuliano) to Mr. and Mrs. Gisborne June 5, 1821: "My unfortunate box ! . . . If the idea of *The Creator* had been packed up with them it would have shared the same fate ; and that, I am afraid, has undergone another sort of shipwreck." Mrs. Shelley, *Essays and Letters*, ii. 294.

Mrs. Shelley to Mr. and Mrs. Gisborne, June 30, 1821 : "*The Creator* has not yet made himself heard." Dowden, ii. 413.

Possibly connected with the plans of this summer, vaguely alluded to in letters to Ollier, or with the drama on the Book of Job, and hardly begun. There is no other reference to it, but a familiar quotation of Shelley's from Tasso, — "non c'è in mondo chi merita nome di creatore che Dio ed il Poeta," — (Shelley to Peacock, August 16, 1818), may be connected with the title.

UNPUBLISHED POEMS

Shelley to Graham. A poetical epistle described by Forman (Aldine edition i. xix.), who gives from it the following lines, refering to Shelley's younger brother John.

> "I have been
> With little Jack upon the green —
> A dear delightful red-faced brute,
> And setting up a parachute."

Esdaile Manuscript. A manuscript book containing poems, which Shelley intended to publish simultaneously with *Queen Mab*, in the possession of his grandson, Mr.

Esdaile, is partly described by Dowden. Shelley's references to this volume are as follows : —

Shelley (from Tanyrallt) to Hookham, January 2, 1813 : "My poems will, I fear, little stand the criticism even of friendship : some of the later ones have the merit of conveying a meaning in every word, and all are faithful pictures of my feelings at the time of writing them. But they are in a great measure abrupt and obscure — all breathing hatred to government and religion, but I think not too openly for publication. One fault they are indisputably exempt from, that of being a volume of *fashionable literature.* I doubt not but that your friendly hand will clip the wings of my Pegasus considerably." Dowden, i. 344. [*Shelley Memorials*, pp. 50, 51, omits some parts.]

Shelley (from Tanyrallt) to Hookham, February 19, 1813 : "You will receive it [*Queen Mab*] with the other poems. I think that the whole should form one volume." *Shelley Memorials*, p. 52. [Hogg, ii. 183, modifies the text.]

Shelley (from Tanyrallt) to Hookham, December 17, 1812 : "I am also preparing a volume of minor poems, respecting whose publication I shall expect your judgment, both as publisher and friend. A very obvious question would be — Will they sell or not ? " *Shelley Memorials*, p. 48.

Shelley (from Tanyrallt) to Hookham, January 26, 1813 : "*Queen Mab* . . . will contain about twenty-eight hundred lines ; the other poems contain probably as much more." Hogg, ii. 182.

Shelley (from Keswick) to Miss Hitchener, January 26, 1812 : "I have been busily engaged in the Address to the Irish people, which will be printed as Paine's works were, and posted on the walls of Dublin. My poems will be printed there." MacCarthy, *Shelley's Early Life*, p. 133.

The contents of this volume are described by Dowden, i. 345–349. The poems appear to be as follows : —

Dedication : *To Harriet.* Printed, revised, as the Dedication of *Queen Mab.*

Falsehood and Vice: A Dialogue. Printed in Shelley's notes to *Queen Mab.*

On Death ("The pale, the cold and the moony smile"). Printed, revised, with *Alastor.*

The Tombs. Dowden quotes the following lines: —

> "Courage and charity and truth
> And high devotedness."

On Robert Emmet's Grave. Seven stanzas, of which Dowden prints vi., vii.

The Retrospect: Cwm Elan, 1812. A poem contrasting the landscape as it appeared then with the same scene the year before. Dowden prints the greater portion.

Sonnet: To Harriet, August 1, 1812. Dowden prints four lines.

To Harriet. Partly printed (58–69) by Shelley, notes to *Queen Mab;* partly (5–13) by Garnett from the Boscombe manuscript, and entire by Dowden.

Sonnet: To a Balloon Laden with Knowledge, printed by Dowden.

Sonnet: On Launching some Bottles filled with Knowledge into the Bristol Channel, printed by Dowden.

Sonnet: Farewell to North Devon. Dowden prints six lines.

On Leaving London for Wales. Eight stanzas, of which Dowden prints four.

A Tale of Society as it is from Facts, 1811. Published, except three stanzas, by Rossetti from the Hitchener MS.

Marseillaise Hymn, translated. Forman prints the second stanza from Locker-Lampson MS.

Henry and Louisa. Dowden, i. 347. A narrative poem in two parts, the scene changing from England in the first part to Egypt in the second. Dowden describes the catastrophe as follows: "Henry, borne from his lover's arms by the insane lust of conquest and of glory, is pursued by Louisa, who finds him dying on the bloody sands, and, like Shakespeare's Juliet, is swift to pursue her beloved through the portals of the grave." Shelley notes on this poem: "The stanza of this poem is radically that of Spenser, although I suffered myself at the time of writing it to be led into occasional deviations."

Zeinab and Kathema. A tragedy in six-line stanzas, possibly suggested by Miss Owenson's novel, *The Missionary.*

Dowden, i. 347–368, describes as follows : "From this may have come the suggestion to choose as the heroine of his poem the maiden of Cashmire, borne away from her native home by Christian guile and rapine. Kathema follows his betrothed Zeinab to England.

"Meanwhile through calm and storm, through night and day,
Unvarying in her aim the vessel went,
As if some inward spirit ruled her way,
And her tense sails were conscious of intent,
Till Albion's cliffs gleamed o'er her plunging bow,
And Albion's river floods bright sparkled round her prow."

But Zeinab had been flung to perish upon the streets by her betrayers, had risen in crime against those who caused her ruin, and had suffered death by the vengeance of indiscriminating and pitiless laws. It is a bitter December evening when Kathema, weary with vain search for his beloved, sinks wearily upon the heath. At the moment of his awaking, the winter moonbeams fall upon a dead and naked female form, swinging in chains from a gibbet, while her dark hair tosses in the wind, and ravenous birds of prey cry in the ear of night. The lover recognizes his Zeinab and is seized with madness ; he scales the gibbet, and, twining the chains about his neck, leaps forward 'to meet the life to come.' Here is romantic ghastliness, as imagined by a boy, in extravagant profusion ; but at heart, each of the two poems is designed less as a piece of romantic art than as an indictment of widespread evils — the one, a setting forth of the criminal love of glory and conquest ; the other, a setting forth of the cruelty of sensual passion and the injustice of formerly administered laws."

The Voyage. Dowden, i. 284: "A fragment of some three hundred lines . . . It tells, in the irregular unrhymed verse which Shelley adopted from *Thalaba* and employed in *Queen Mab*, of a ship returning across the summer sea from her voyage ; and of her company of voyagers, with their various passions and imaginings — two ardent youths who have braved all dangers side by side ; the landsman mean and crafty, who bears across the stainless ocean all the base thoughts and selfish greeds of the city ; the sailor returning to his cottage

home and wife and babes, but seized at the moment of his dearest hope by minions of the press gang and hurried away reluctant."

A Retrospect of Times of Old. Dowden, i. 285: "A rhymed piece having much in common with those earlier pages of *Queen Mab*, which picture the fall of empires, and celebrate the oblivion that has overtaken the old rulers of men and lords of the earth."

Soliloquy of the Wandering Jew. Printed by Dobell.

Dowden, i. 348 further describes the contents: — "The collection . . . opens with a series of poems in unrhymed stanzas, the use of which Shelley had learned from Southey's early volumes. Such lines as those to Liberty: —

> 'And the spirits of the brave
> Shall start from every grave,
> Whilst from her Atlantic throne
> Freedom sanctifies the groan
> That fans the glorious fires of its change — '

are a direct reminiscence," etc.

Of other poems unentitled, Dowden prints the following fragments: —

I

> "Consigned to thoughts of holiness
> And deeds of living love."

II

> "Then may we hope the consummating hour,
> Dreadfully, swiftly, sweetly is arriving,
> When light from darkness, peace from desolation,
> Bursts unresisted."

Dowden, i. 346: "Having copied his best short pieces, Shelley falls back on [four of] the Oxford poems suggested by the story of Hogg's friend Mary and on the pieces written in the winter of 1810, 1811, which are strikingly inferior both in form and feeling to the poems of a later date."

Dowden, *Shelley's Poems*, p. 695: "Mr. Esdaile's MS. contains three poems, *To Mary*, with an advertisement prefixed, and one *To the Lover of Mary*. The date of these is Novem-

ber, 1810. They are selected, Shelley says, from many written during three weeks of an entrancement caused on hearing Mary's story." [See note on *To Mary, who died in this Opinion*.]

Dowden, i. 107 : "The piteous story of a certain Mary — a real person, — known in her distress to Hogg, had been related by his friend to Shelley ; it had thrown him into a three weeks' 'entrancement,' and formed the occasion of a series of poems rapidly produced."

February 28, 1805. To St. Irvyne. Dowden, i. 48 : "I have seen an unpublished poem — six stanzas — of Shelley's, in Harriet Shelley's handwriting, headed 'February 28, 1805. To St. Irvyne' — St. Irvyne the name of a place where the writer often sat on 'the mouldering height' with 'his Harriet' — and having the words 'To H. Grove' subscribed, also in Harriet Shelley's handwriting. The poem can hardly have been written in 1805, but the title may refer to some incident of February in that year, which might be viewed as a starting-point in the course of their love. A reference in this poem to Strood, the property of John Commerell, Esq., hard by Field Place, leads one to suppose that 'St. Irvyne' may have been formed from the name of the proprietor of Hills Place, also close to Field Place, — Lady Irvine."

The poems, otherwise undefined, which are mentioned by Dowden as existing in MS., presumably the Esdaile, are, *A Dialogue*, 1809 ; *To the Moonbeam*, 1809 ; *The Solitary*, 1810 ; *To Death*, 1810 (twenty unpublished lines) ; *Love's Rose*, 1810 ; *Eyes*, 1810 (four unpublished eight-line stanzas) ; *On an Icicle that Clung to the Grass of a Grave*, 1809 ; *To the Republicans of North America* (one unpublished stanza), 1812 ; *To Ianthe*, 1813. These have all been published, except as here noted, and further information regarding them will be found under their titles in the NOTES OR JUVENILIA.

All the poems printed by Dowden from these sources, except such fragments as are quoted above, are placed in this edition under JUVENILIA.

Ballad. Young Parson Richards ; twenty-one four-line stanzas, except the first, which has five lines, in the Harvard MS.

To Constantia Singing, an early draft, in which the first stanza of the poem as now printed stands last. Not further described.

—— A poem sent to Peacock from Italy, 1818, in a rough state, and relating to Wordsworth. Not further described.

NOTES

NOTES

FRAGMENTS, PART II

Charles the First. Mrs. Shelley's Note, 1839[1], iv. 226, 227: "The winter of 1822 was passed in Pisa, if we might call that season winter in which autumn merged into spring, after the interval of but few days of bleaker weather. Spring sprang up early, and with extreme beauty. Shelley had conceived the idea of writing a tragedy on the subject of Charles I. It was one that he believed adapted for a drama; full of intense interest, contrasted character, and busy passion. He had recommended it long before, when he encouraged me to attempt a play. Whether the subject proved more difficult than he anticipated, or whether in fact he could not bend his mind away from the broodings and wanderings of thought divested from human interest, which he best loved, I cannot tell; but he proceeded slowly, and threw it aside for one of the most mystical of his poems, *The Triumph of Life*, on which he was employed at the last."

Shelley (from Padua) to Mrs. Shelley, September 22, 1818: "Meanwhile remember *Charles the First.* . . . Adieu, my dearest love — remember, remember Charles I. and Myrra. I have been already imagining how you will conduct some scenes. The second volume of *St. Leon* begins with this proud and true sentiment — 'There is nothing that the human mind can conceive, which it may not execute.' Shakespeare was only a human being." Mrs. Shelley, *Essays and Letters*, ii. 141, 142.

Shelley (from Pisa) to Medwin, July 20, 1820: "What think you of my boldness? I mean to write a play, in the spirit of human nature, without prejudice or passion, entitled *Charles the First.* So vanity intoxicates people; but let those few who praise my verses, and in whose approbation I take so much delight, answer for the sin." Trelawny, *Records*, ii. 38.

Shelley (from Pisa) to Ollier, February 22, 1821: "I

doubt about *Charles the First;* but, if I do write it, it shall be the birth of severe and high feelings. You are very welcome to it, on the terms you mention, and, when once I see and feel that I can write it, it is already written. My thoughts aspire to a production of a far higher character; but the execution of it will require some years. I write what I write chiefly to enquire, by the reception which my writings meet with, how far I am fit for so great a task, or not." *Shelley Memorials*, p. 155.

Shelley (from the Baths of San Giuliano) to Mr. and Mrs. Gisborne, June 5, 1821: "My unfortunate box! it contained a chaos of the elements of Charles I." Mrs. Shelley, *Essays and Letters*, ii. 294.

Shelley (from Pisa) to Ollier, September 25, 1821: "*Charles the First* is conceived, but not born. Unless I am sure of making something good, the play will not be written. Pride, that ruined Satan, will kill *Charles the First*, for his midwife would be only *less than him whom thunder has made greater.* I am full of great plans; and if I should tell you them, I should add to the list of these riddles." *Shelley Memorials*, p. 159.

Shelley (from Pisa) to Peacock, January 11 (?), 1822: "I have been long idle, and, as far as writing goes, despondent; but I am now engaged on *Charles the First*, and a devil of a nut it is to crack." Peacock, *Works*, iii. 477.

Shelley (from Pisa) to Ollier, January 11, 1822: "The historical tragedy of *Charles the First* will be ready by the spring. [Here follows an offer of the copyright to Ollier.] I ought to say that the tragedy promises to be good as tragedies go, and that it is not colored by the party spirit of the author. How far it may be popular I cannot judge." Frederickson MS.

Shelley (from Pisa) to Hunt, January 25, 1822: "One thing strikes me as *possible.* I am at present writing the drama of *Charles the First*, a play which, if completed according to my present idea, will hold a higher rank than *The Cenci* as a work of art. . . . Write to Allman, your bookseller, tell him what I tell you of *Charles the First*, and do not delay a post. I have a parcel of little poems also, the

Witch of Atlas, and some translations of Homer's Hymns, the copyright of which I must sell. I offered the *Charles the First* to Ollier, and you had better write at the same time to learn his terms. Of course you will not delay a post in this." Garnett, *Relics*, pp. 187, 188.

Shelley (from Pisa) to Hunt, March 2, 1822 : "So you think I can make nothing of Charles the First. *Tanto peggio.* Indeed, I have written nothing for this last two months : a slight circumstance gave a new train to my ideas, and shattered the fragile edifice when half built. What motives have I to write ? I *had* motives, and I thank the God of my own heart they were totally different from those of the other apes of humanity who make mouths in the glass of the time. But what are *those* motives now ? The only inspiration of an ordinary kind I could descend to acknowledge would be the earning £100 for you ; and that it seems I cannot." Garnett, *Relics*, pp. 107, 108.

Shelley (from Pisa) to John Gisborne, April 10, 1822 : "I have done some of *Charles the First ;* but although the poetry succeeded very well, I cannot seize on the conception of the subject as a whole, and seldom now touch the canvas." Mrs. Shelley, *Essays and Letters*, ii. 339.

Shelley (from Lerici) to John Gisborne, June 18, 1822 : "I write little now. It is impossible to compose except under the strong excitement of an assurance of finding sympathy in what you write. Imagine Demosthenes reciting a Philippic to the waves of the Atlantic. Lord Byron is in this respect fortunate. He touched the chord to which a million hearts responded, and the coarse music which he produced to please them, disciplined him to the perfection to which he now approaches. I do not go on with *Charles the First.* I feel too little certainty of the future, and too little satisfaction with regard to the past to undertake any subject seriously and deeply. I stand, as it were, upon a precipice, which I have ascended with great, and cannot descend without greater peril, and I am content if the heaven above me is calm for the passing moment." *Fortnightly Review*, June, 1878.

Williams's Journal, January 6, 1822: "S. sat down to *Charles I.* about five days since. It is exceedingly to be regretted that Shelley does not meet with greater encouragement; a mind such as his, powerful as it is, requires *gentle leading.*" *Fortnightly Review*, June, 1878.

Medwin, *Life*, ii. 162: "I must now speak of his *Charles the First.* He had designed to write a tragedy on this ungrateful subject as far back as 1818, and had begun it at the end of the following year, when he asked me to obtain for him that well-known pamphlet, which was in my father's library — *Killing no Murder.* He was, however, *in limine*, diverted at that time to more attractive subjects, and now resumed his abandoned labors, of which he has left a very unsatisfactory, though valuable, *bozzo.* The task seemed to him an irksome one. His progress was slow; one day he expunged what he had written the day before. He occasionally showed and read to me his MS., which was lined and interlined and interworded, so as to render it almost illegible. The scenes were disconnected, and intended to be interwoven in the tisse of the drama. He did not thus compose *The Cenci.* He seemed tangled in an inextricable web of difficulties, as to the treatment of his subject; and it was clear that he had formed no definite plan in his own mind, how to connect the links of the complicated yarn of events that led to that frightful catastrophe, or to justify it . . . Shelley meant to have made the last of King's fools, Archy, a more than subordinate among his *dramatis personæ*, as Calderon had done in his *Cisma de l'Inglaterra*, a fool *sui generis*, who talks in fable, "weaving a world of mirth out of the wreck of all around." . . . Other causes, besides doubt as to the manner of treating the subject, operated to impede its progress. The ever-growing fastidiousness of his taste had, I have often thought, begun to cramp his genius. The opinion of the world, too, at times shook his confidence in himself. I have often been shown the scenes of this tragedy in which he was engaged; like the MSS. of Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*, in the library at Ferrara, his were larded with word on word, till they were scarcely decipherable."

TEXT: I. 2 *First Citizen* ‖ *First Speaker*, 1824.
5 *Second Citizen* ‖ *Second Speaker*, 1824.
15 *A Youth* ‖ *Third Speaker* (*a youth*), 1824.
43–57 omit, 1824.
53–54 one line Forman, Dowden.
58–59 " " " "
67 *Third Citizen* ‖ *Another Citizen*, 1824.
67 . . . omit, Rossetti.
74 *made* 1839[2] ‖ *make* Forman, Dowden.
79–115 omit, 1824.
109 *bondage* Forman conj., Dowden.
115 *A Marshalsman* ‖ *Fourth Speaker* (*a pursuivant*), 1824.
118 *A Law Student* ‖ *Fifth Speaker* (*a law student*) 1824.
117–121 omit 1824.
119 [*Gasp?*] omit ? and [ ] Forman, Dowden.
136 . . . omit Forman, Dowden.
A Marshalman ‖ *Another Speaker* 1824.
137 *A Pursuivant. Room for the King* — omit, 1824.
141 *sea* omit Forman, Dowden.
163 *her* ‖ *its* 1824.
174 *presentiment* 1824.
180, 181 omit last two speeches, 1824.
II. Stage direction: *Enter the* KING, QUEEN, LAUD, WENTWORTH *and* ARCHY, 1824.
3–9 *And . . . thanks*, omit, 1824.
4 [*observance*] omit [ ] Forman, Dowden.
22–98 omit, 1824.
37 [*eye*] omit, Forman.
70 *penned* ‖ *pinched* Forman, Dowden.
103 *state* ‖ *stake* 1824.
107 *With your Grace's leave* omit, 1824.
114–118 spoken by the QUEEN 1824.
124 *your* Forman, Dowden.
126 omit, 1824.
142–240 *Beloved . . . mutilation* omit 1824.
165 *on this* transpose to next line, Rossetti, Dowden.

TEXT : 201 [*belongs ?*] omit ? and [ ] Forman, Dowden.
247 *the* omit, 1824.
251, 252 omit ( ) 1824, Forman, Dowden.
257–261 *with . . . innumerable* omit, 1824.
263–478 to QUEEN, omit, 1824.
371 *Gonzaga* Boscombe MS.
376 omit ? Dowden.
384 [*Cottington ?*] omit ? and [ ] Forman, Dowden.
483, 484 *Oh . . . pupil* omit, 1824.
496–500 *and . . . salvation* omit, 1824.

III. 1–69 omit, 1824.
27–32 These lines are a fragment given by Garnett, 1862, but not found by Rossetti in the MS. used by him. He places them conjecturally here ; Forman suggests that they may belong with Laud's speech, II. 119 or II. 218. They appear rather a disconnected fragment.

IV. Stage direction : Hampden, Pym, Cromwell and the younger Vane.
11 *flock* Forman, Dowden.
17 [*lies?*] omit ? and [ ] Forman, Dowden.
37 . . . omit, 1824.
48 Rossetti's reading seems to destroy the natural sense.

V. 10–17 Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1824, as *A Song*, without connection with the drama.
MS. Boscombe.
Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1,2], follow 1824 except as already noted.

Fragments of an Unfinished Drama. Williams's Journal, April 10, 1822 : "Trelawny dined and passed the evening. We talked of a play of his singular life, and a plot to give it the air of romance." April 21 : "Call on S. Talk over the subject of the play. He gave me a long lecture on the drama. Put me in bad spirits with myself." [Garnett suggests that this is the *Unfinished Drama.*] *Fortnightly Review*, June, 1878.

Mrs. Shelley's Note, 1839, iv. 168 : "The following fragments are part of a drama, undertaken for the amusement of the individuals who composed our intimate society, but left unfinished. I have preserved a sketch of the story, so far as it had been shadowed out in the poet's mind."

Garnett, *Relics*, p. 14 : "A close scrutiny, however, of one of Shelley's MS. books has revealed the existence of much more of this piece than has hitherto been suspected to exist. By far the larger portion of this, forming an episode complete in itself, is here made public, under the title of *The Magic Plant*. . . . The little drama of which this charming sport of fancy forms a portion was written at Pisa during the late winter or early spring of 1822. The episode of *The Magic Plant* was obviously suggested by the pleasure Shelley received from the plants grown indoors in his Pisan dwelling, which he says in a letter written in January, 1822, 'turn the sunny winter into spring.' See also the poem of *The Zucca*, composed about the same time."

TEXT : 8 *my* omit, 1824.

15–27 Published separately by Mrs. Shelley, 1824, as *Song of a Spirit*, but inserted here, 1839[1].

16 *have* omit, 1824.

25 *seas, waves*, 1839[1,2].

29 *pleasure*, 1824.

32–41 *Oh . . . loved One* speech spoken by INDIAN, 1824.

62 *sat* 1839[2].

65 *there?* Forman.

69 *own*, Forman.

71 *spray* ‖ *Spring* Forman, Dowden.

120–126 *Such . . . dream* omit, 1824. Published by Mrs. Shelley, 1839[1].

170 . . . *disencumbered* Garnett, Rossetti.
MS. Boscombe.

Mrs. Shelley's Note, 1824, v.–vii. : "In the wild but beautiful Bay of Spezzia the winds and waves which he loved became his playmates. His days were chiefly spent on the water ; the management of his boat, its alterations and improvements, were his principal occupations. At night, when

the unclouded moon shone on the calm sea, he often went alone in his little shallop to the rocky caves that bordered it, and sitting beneath their shelter wrote *The Triumph of Life*, the last of his productions. The beauty but strangeness of this lonely place, the refined pleasure which he felt in the companionship of a few selected friends, our entire sequestration from the rest of the world, all contributed to render this period of his life one of continued enjoyment. I am convinced that the two months we passed there were the happiest he had ever known. . . . *The Triumph of Life* . . . was left in so unfinished a state that I arranged it in its present form with the greatest difficulty."

51 *The Triumph of Life.* Mrs. Shelley's Note, 1839,[2] pp. 323, 324: "At first the fatal boat had not arrived, and was expected with great impatience. On Monday, May 12th, it came. Williams records the long wished for fact in his journal: 'Cloudy and threatening weather. M. Maglian called, and after dinner and while walking with him on the terrace, we discovered a strange sail coming round the point of Porto Venere, which proved at length to be Shelley's boat. She had left Genoa on Thursday last, but had been driven back by the prevailing bad winds. A Mr. Heslop and two English seamen brought her round, and they speak most highly of her performances. She does indeed excite my surprise and admiration. Shelley and I walked to Lerici, and made a stretch off the land to try her; and I find she fetches whatever she looks at. In short, we have now a perfect plaything for the summer.' — It was thus that short-sighted mortals welcomed death, he having disguised his grim form in a pleasing mask! The time of the friends was now spent on the sea; the weather became fine, and our whole party often passed the evenings on the water, when the wind promised pleasant sailing. Shelley and Williams made longer excursions; they sailed several times to Massa; they had engaged one of the seamen who brought her round, a boy, by name Charles Vivian; and they had not the slightest apprehension of danger. When the weather

was unfavorable, they employed themselves with alterations in the rigging, and by building a boat of canvas and reeds, as light as possible, to have on board the other, for the convenience of landing in waters too shallow for the larger vessel. When Shelley was on board, he had his papers with him ; and much of the *Triumph of Life*, was written as he sailed or weltered on that sea which was soon to engulf him."

Medwin, *Life*, ii. 180 : "Shelley had also begun time *The Triumph of Life*, of which we have a fragment. It at this advanced very slowly, and in its present form it is impossible to know how he intended to treat the subject."

TEXT : 34 *dawn*, 1824, 1839[1,2], Forman, Dowden.
35 *Bathed* 1839[1,2], Forman, Dowden.
84 *form* || *frown* 1824.
63 *spurned* 1839[1,2].
70 *wood-lawn-interspersed* 1839[1,2].
93 *light upon* 1824, 1839[1,2].
96 *it* omit, 1824.
98 *lightenings* Rossetti.
102 *sun* 1824, 1839[1,2], Forman, Dowden ; *sun :* Rossetti.
109 *thunders* 1824 *thunder's* 1839[2].
112 *meet* 1839[1,2] ; *conqueror* Rossetti conj.
131, 135 Rossetti conjectures the sense as follows : —

> Fled back like eagles to their native noon;
> For those who put aside the diadem
> Of earthly thrones or gems. . . .
>
> Whether of Athens or Jerusalem.

The text yields as much meaning as could be expected from its incomplete state.

158 *while* omit, 1839[1,2].
168 *To seek, to . . . to strain with limbs decayed* 1824. *Limping* Rossetti.
190 *Feature of my thought ; "Aware*, 1824, 1839[1,2].
202 *sentiment* 1839[1,2].

TEXT: 204 *Stained* 1824, 1839[1,2].
238 *name the* 1824.
260 *him* omit, 1824.
281 omit 1824, 1839[1,2].
282 *And then* omit, 1839[1,2].
Mrs. Shelley's Note: "There is a chasm here in the MS. which it is impossible to fill. It appears from the context that other shapes pass and that Rousseau still stood beside the dreamer." The marks of hiatus are omitted by Forman and Dowden.
296 *comest* 1839[1,2].
311 *year's dawn* 1839[1,2].
361 *Out of the deep cavern with* 1839[1,2].
363 *She glided* 1839[1,2].
377 *to* 1839[1,2].
475 *care* 1839[1,2].
486 *vale* 1839[1,2].
496 *tire* 1824, 1839[1,2].
497 *rode, like demons* 1839[1,2].
534 *wrapt* 1839[1,2].
MS. Boscombe.

FRAGMENTS, PART III

Mrs. Shelley's Note, 1839[1], iii. 68: "In addition to such poems as have an intelligible aim and shape, many a stray idea and transitory emotion found imperfect and abrupt expression, and then again lost themselves in silence. As he never wandered without a book and without implements of writing, I find many such in his manuscript books, that scarcely bear record; while some of them, broken and vague as they are, will appear valuable to those who love Shelley's mind, and desire to trace its workings."

77 *Home.* From the Boscombe MS.
77 *Fragment of a Ghost Story.* From the Boscombe MS.
77 *To Mary.* Written at Este.
78 *To Mary.* Dated July, and referring probably to Mrs. Shelley's grief for the death of William.
79 *To William Shelley.* Dated June. Mrs. Shelley's Note,

1839, iii. 207, 210 : Shelley had suffered severely from the death of our son during this summer. His heart, attuned to every kindly affection, was full of burning love for his offspring. No words can express the anguish he felt when his elder children were torn from him. . . . When afterwards this child [William] died at Rome, he wrote, apropos of the English burying ground in that city — 'This spot is the repository of a sacred loss, of which the yearnings of a parent's heart are now prophetic ; he is rendered immortal by love, as his memory is by death. My beloved child is buried here. I envy death the body far less than the oppressors the minds of those whom they have torn from me. The one can only kill the body, the other crushes the affections.'"

80 *Lines written for the poem, To William Shelley.* From the Boscombe MS. See Note on that poem.

81 *To Emilia Viviani.* Medwin, *Life*, ii. 66 : "Shelley felt deeply the fate of poor Emilia, frequently wrote to her, and received from her in reply bouquets of flowers, in return for one of which he sent her the following exquisite madrigal." Dated March. The last three lines are from the Boscombe MS. through Garnett. See note on *Epipsychidion.*

82 *To* —— From the Boscombe MS. Rossetti conjectures that Byron is addressed.

83 *To Byron.* Medwin, *The Shelley Papers*, p. 37 : "What his real opinion of Byron's powers was may be collected from a sonnet he once showed me, and which the subject of it never saw. The sentiments accord well with that diffidence of his own powers, that innate modesty which always distinguished him. It begins thus" [Here follow 1–7].

Medwin, *Life*, ii. 35 : "That he thought Byron a great poet is proved by a sonnet, of which I forget two of the lines, but which Byron never saw." [Here follow 1–7, the alternate reading 8–11 noted, and 12–14.]

Rossetti revises and completes the sonnet from the

Boscombe MS., where also the introductory prose is found.

84 *A Lost Leader.* From the Boscombe MS., though Garnett.

84 *On Keats.* TEXT : *monthless* 1839[2]. MS. Boscombe.

84 *To* —— From the Boscombe MS. Rossetti conjectures that the lines are addressed to Leigh Hunt ; Forman, that they may be a cancelled passage of *Rosalind and Helen.*

85 *On Milton's Spirit.* From the Boscombe MS.

85 "*Mighty Eagle.*" From the Frederickson MS., being written on the back of a letter received from Godwin of the date April 29, 1817. Forman conjectures that Godwin is addressed, but only on this very slender ground. TEXT : 4 *hiest* the word is doubtful in the MS.

86 *Laurel.* Mrs. Shelley does not separate the lines into question and answer.

86 "*Once more descend.*" From the Boscombe MS.

87 *Inspiration.* From the Boscombe MS.

87 *To the People of England.* From the Boscombe MS.

88 *To Italy.* From the Boscombe MS.

88 *Unrisen Splendor.* From the Boscombe MS.

89 *To Zephyr.* From the Boscombe MS., through Garnett.

"*Follow.*" From the Boscombe MS.

The Rain-Wind. From the Boscombe MS. through Garnett.

90 *The Vine.* From the Boscombe MS. through Garnett.

The Waning Moon. TEXT : 5 *in the murky Earth* 1839[2].

To the Moon II. From the Boscombe MS.

92 *The Lady of the South.* From the Boscombe MS., through Garnett.

TEXT : 3 *drouth* Forman conj., Dowden || *drought* Rossetti.

93 *Wine of Eglantine.* TEXT : 3 *bowls* Boscombe MS. || *buds* 1824, 1839[1,2].

MS. Boscombe.

94 *A Roman's Chamber,* ii. 2, 3 transpose Forman, Dowden.

95 *The Shadow of Hell.* From Boscombe MS. through Garnett.

TEXT : 5 . . . *The* Rossetti.

96 *Consequences.* From the Boscombe MS., through Garnett.

A Hate-Song. Rossetti's Note: "Mr. Browning has furnished me with this amusing absurdity, retailed to him by Leigh Hunt. It seems that Hunt and Shelley were talking one day (probably in or about 1817) concerning Love-Songs; and Shelley said that he did n't see why Hate-Songs also should not be written, and that he could do them; and on the spot he improvised these lines of doggerel."

A Face. From the Boscombe MS. Shelley (from Bologna) to Peacock, November 9, 1818: "There are several [pictures] of Guercino, which they said were very fine. I dare say they were, for the strength and complication of his figures made my head turn round. One, indeed, was certainly powerful. It was the representation of the founder of the Carthusians exercising his austerities in the desert, with a youth as his attendant, kneeling beside him at an altar: on another altar stood a skull and a crucifix; and around were the rocks and the trees of the wilderness. I never saw such a figure as this fellow. His face was wrinkled like a dried snake's skin, and drawn in long hard lines: his very hands were wrinkled." Mrs. Shelley, *Essays and Letters*, ii. 159, 160.

97 *The Poet's Lover.* From the Boscombe MS.

98 "*Is it that in some brighter sphere.*" From the Boscombe MS.

99 *Torpor.* From the Boscombe MS.

"*Is not to-day enough.*" From the Boscombe MS.

100 "*To thirst and find no fill.*" Mrs. Shelley's Note, 1839[1], iii. 69: "And then again this melancholy trace of the sad thronging thoughts, which were the well whence he drew the idea of *Athanase*, and express the restless, passion-fraught emotions of one whose sensibility, kindled to too intense a life, perpetually preyed upon itself." [Here follows the fragment.] Forman conjectures that it is a cancelled passage of *Julian and Maddalo.*

100 *Love.* Mrs. Shelley's Note, 1839[1], iii. 70 : "In the next page I find a calmer sentiment, better fitted to sustain one whose whole being was love." [Here follows the fragment.]

101 *Music.* TEXT: 1839[2] gives, besides this text, a fragmentary and inferior version, of which the variations are as follows : —

ii–iii. transpose.

ii. 1 *that* ‖ *the*

3 *has* ‖ *had*

iii. 3 *has* ‖ *had*

4 *mist* ‖ *tank*

iv. omit

102 *To Music.* TEXT : *The silver* 1839[1,2].

To Music. TEXT : *God* 1839[2].

103 "*I faint, I perish with my love.*" From the Boscombe MS., through Garnett.

To Silence. From the Boscombe MS. Mrs. Shelley's transcript given to Charles Cowden Clarke is described by Forman.

104 "*Oh, that a Chariot of Cloud were mine.*" From the Boscombe MS.

The Fierce Beasts. From the Boscombe MS., through Garnett.

105 *The Deserts of Sleep.* From the Boscombe MS., through Garnett.

A Dream. From the Boscombe MS., through Garnett.

106 *Hope, Fear and Doubt.* From the Boscombe MS.

"*Alas! this is not what I thought life was.*" Mrs. Shelley's Note, 1839[1], iv. 52 : "That he felt these things [public neglect and calumny] deeply cannot be doubted, though he armed himself with the consciousness of acting from a lofty and heroic sense of right. The truth burst from his heart sometimes in solitude, and he would write a few unfinished verses that showed he felt the sting. Among such I find the following." [Here follows the fragment.]

Crowned. Published in 1839[1] as the conclusion of "*When soft winds and sunny skies,*" but omitted in 1839[2]. Rossetti joins it with *Laurel* at the end.

107 "*Great Spirit.*" From the Boscombe MS., through Garnett. Forman conjectures that Liberty is addressed.

"*O Thou Immortal Deity.*" Forman conjectures that Liberty is addressed.

"*Ye gentle visitations.*" Mrs. Shelley's Note, 1839, iii. 70: "In another book which contains some passionate outbreaks with regard to the great injustice he endured this year, the poet writes" [Here follows the fragment].

TRANSLATIONS

111 *Hymn to Mercury.* Shelley (from Leghorn) to Peacock, July 20, 1820: "I am translating, in *ottava rima*, the *Hymn to Mercury* of Homer. Of course my stanza precludes a literal translation. My next effort will be that it should be legible — a quality much to be desired in translations." Peacock, *Works*, iii. 469.

TEXT: xliii. 3 *hurl* 1839[1,2], Rossetti, Forman.

li. 7 *Round* ‖ *Roused* 1824.

lix. 5 *nor* 1839[1,2].

lxxviii. 2 *should* Rossetti, Dowden.

xciii. 5 *mist*, Harvard MS., 1824, 1839[1,2]. The word is crowded in a corner of the MS.

xcvi. 7 *of* 1839[1,2], Rossetti, Forman.

xcvii. 2 *them with love and joy* 1839[1,2], Rossetti, Forman.

MS. Harvard.

142 *Hymn to Venus.* From the Boscombe MS. Hunt to Mrs. Shelley, August 4, 1818: "I shall hail his Homer's *Hymns*, too, to begin the year with." Hunt, *Correspondence*, i. 124. [Dowden ii. 179, states Shelley had employed himself on these translations in January, 1818.]

150 *The Cyclops.* Mrs. Shelley's Note, 1824, vii.: "Most of the translations were written some years ago and with the exception of *The Cyclops* . . . may be considered as having received the author's ultimate corrections."

Shelley (from Florence) to Hunt, November, 1819: "With respect to translation, even *I* will not be

seduced by it ; although the Greek plays, and some of the ideal dramas of Calderon (with which I have lately, and with inexpressible wonder and delight, become acquainted), are perpetually tempting me to throw over their perfect and glowing forms the gray veil of my own words. And you know me too well to suspect, that I refrain from a belief that what I could substitute for them would deserve the regret which yours would, if suppressed. I have confidence in my moral sense alone ; but that is a kind of originality. I have only translated *The Cyclops* of Euripides, when I could absolutely do nothing else, and the *Symposium* of Plato, which is the delight and astonishment of all who read it, — I mean the original." Mrs. Shelley, *Essays and Letters*, ii. 256, 257.

Williams's Journal, November 5, 1821 : "Shelley read me his translation of the only Greek farce which has been handed down to us (*The Cyclops*)." *Fortnightly Review*, June, 1878.

TEXT: 146 *papaiapax* 1824, 1839[1,2].
344 *ravine* 1839[1,2].
369 *to be* omit, 1839[1,2].
382 *four* 1839[1,2].
387 Shelley's Note : "I confess I do not understand this."
473 *A* 1839[1,2].
535 *gives* 1824.
581 *wine* 1824.
638 *few* 1824, 1839[1,2].
641 *nor* 1839[1,2].

MS. (fragmentary) Boscombe.

Asterisks are placed by Mrs. Shelley, 1824, 1839[1,2], after 44 and 684, and are omitted after 593 ; and they are placed by Rossetti, also, after 58 and 503. Shelley used an inferior text, and his version is susceptible of correction, which Swinburne (*Essays and Studies*, pp. 201–211) undertook to make.

189 *Spirit of Plato.* TEXT : 5 *does* 1839[2]. MS. Boscombe.

190 *To Stella.* Medwin, *Life*, ii. 176 : "Plato's epigram on *Aster*, which Shelley had applied to Keats, happened to be mentioned, and I asked Shelley if he could render it. He took up the pen and improvised" [Here follows the translation].

191 *Pan, Echo and the Satyr.*

TEXT : 3 *Who hornèd loved* Hunt MS. cancelled.
4 *the three* $1839^{1,2}$.
9 *insomuch* Hunt MS., cancelled.
MS. Hunt.

192 *Fragment of the Elegy on the Death of Bion.* From the Hunt MS.

TEXT : 4, 5 *Weave the crown of Death* Boscombe MS. cancelled ‖ *beat your breast* Boscombe MS. incomplete change.
14 *upon* ‖ *within* Rossetti.
23 *his* Rossetti, Dowden ‖ *her* Boscombe MS., Forman.
his white ‖ *her white* Boscombe MS., Rossetti, Forman, Dowden.
24 *his . . . his* ‖ *her* Boscombe MS., Rossetti, Forman, Dowden. Shelley's error is a mere inadvertence, and should be corrected for the sake of the poem.

193 *From Bion.* From the Boscombe MS.

195 *From Virgil.* From the Boscombe MS., through Garnett.

196 *From Dante I.* Forman's Note : "These lines . . . are said to have been scratched by Shelley on a window-pane at a house wherein he lodged while staying in London. I have them on the authority of a gentleman whose mother was the proprietress of the house."

196 *From Dante II.* TEXT : 5 *And* Forman, Dowden.

197 *From Dante III.* From the Boscombe MS.

200 *From Dante IV.* Medwin, *Life*, ii. 15 : "I had also the advantage of reading Dante with him ; he lamented that no adequate translation existed of the *Divina Commedia*, and though he thought highly of Carey's work, — with which he said he had for the first time

studied the original, praising the fidelity of the version, — it by no means satisfied him. What he meant by an adequate translation was one in *terza rima;* for, in Shelley's own words, he held it an essential justice to an author to render him in the same form. I asked him if he had never attempted this, and, looking among his papers, he showed, and gave me to copy, the following fragment from the *Purgatorio*, which leaves on the mind an inextinguishable regret that he had not completed — nay, more, that he did not employ himself in rendering other of the finest passages."

TEXT : 2 *the roof* 1834, Forman, Dowden.
9–36, 37, 51, 1847 follows 1834.
33 *will* Rossetti. Forman and Dowden follow Garnett.
37 *Which* Rossetti, Dowden.
MS. Boscombe. Garnett follows this MS.

203 *From Dante V.* Medwin, *Life*, ii. 19 : "At Shelley's request and with his assistance, I attempted to give the *Ugolino*, which is valuable to the admirers of Shelley, on account of his numerous corrections, which almost indeed make it his own."

Mrs. Shelley (from Pisa) to Miss Clairmont, January, 1821 : "Besides writing poetry he [Medwin] translates. He intends, he says, to translate all the fine passages of Dante, and has already the canto concerning Ugolino. Now, not to say that he fills his verses with all possible commonplaces, he understands his author very imperfectly, and when he cannot make sense of the words that are, he puts in words of his own, and calls it a misprint ; so, sometimes falsifying the historical fact, always the sense, he produces something as like Dante as a rotten crab-apple is like a fine nonpareil." Dowden, *Life*, ii. 365, 366.

Medwin published a version, of which this is the corrected form, in *Sketches in Hindoostan, with Other Poems*, 1821. Forman conjectures that he ascribes

less to Shelley, by the italics, than was due. There is reason to believe that this is true. Shelley is said to have complained to Mary that some of his translations had been carried off by Medwin.

206 *Sonnet from Cavalcanti.* From the Hunt MS.

Scenes from the Magico Prodigioso. Mrs. Shelley's Note, 1824, vii.: "The translations . . . with the exception of . . . and the scenes from the *Magico Prodigioso*, may be considered as having received the author's final corrections."

Shelley (from Leghorn) to Peacock, August 22 (?), 1810: "I have been reading Calderon in Spanish [with Mrs. Gisborne]. A kind of Shakespeare is this Calderon; and I have some thoughts, if I find that I cannot do anything better, of translating some of his plays." Peacock, *Works*, iii. 465.

Shelley (from Leghorn) to Peacock, September 21, 1819: "Charles Clairmont is now with us on his way to Vienna. He has spent a year or more in Spain, where he has learned Spanish, and I make him read Spanish all day long. It is a most powerful and expressive language, and I have already learned sufficient to read with great ease their poet Calderon. I have read about twelve of his plays. Some of them certainly deserve to be ranked amongst the grandest and most perfect productions of the human mind. He exceeds all modern dramatists, with the exception of Shakespeare, whom he resembles, however, in the depth of thought and subtlety of imagination of his writings, and in the rare power of interweaving delicate and powerful comic traits with the most tragical situations, without diminishing their interest. I rate him far above Beaumont and Fletcher." Peacock, *Works*, iii. 466, 467.

Williams's Journal, March 20, 1822: "Walked with S. along the banks of the Arno. Took our writing materials and while S. translated Calderon's *Cyprian* I wrote some revisions" [in his new play *Gonzaga*]. *Fortnightly Review*, June, 1878.

Shelley, to John Gisborne, April 10, 1822. [Printed below under *Scenes from Faust.*]

TEXT: I. Stage Direction, *Enter . . . dressed* Transcript ‖ omit, 1824.
students with a book Transcript.
1 *plain* Transcript.
14 Rossetti follows 1824.
16, 17 Forman follows transcript.
57 Stage Direction. *Reads. Enter the Devil as a fine gentleman* Mrs. Shelley, 1824 ‖ *Demon* Rossetti.
87 *in* Rossetti, Forman, Dowden.
95 *the* omit, 1824.
172 *descending* Rossetti.
214 *Aside and* omit, 1824.
217 *Those* 1839[2].
227–229 lines differently arranged, 1824.
228 *now* omit, 1824.
230 *Sir! Cyprian! Sir!* ‖ CLARIN *and* MOSCON, *Sir!* transcript.
233 *Colatti* 1824.
242 *counsel* omit, 1824; *or* 1824.
237 *thy* Rossetti.
II. 154 *forest* ‖ *fiercest* Rossetti conj.
III. 18 *may she* 1824.
23 *begun* 1839[1,2].
58 *Who to* Rossetti conj.
89 *miserable me* 1839[1,2].
99, 100 Rossetti also suggests retaining *And* and rearranging the next line *Now should I seek him even.* This is rewriting the text.
123 *inclines to* Rossetti conj.
1839[1,2] follow 1824 except as noted.

239 *Stanzas from Calderon's Cisma de Inglaterra.* Shelley (from Florence) to Mrs. Gisborne, November 16, 1819: "*I have been reading Calderon without you.* I have read the *Cisma de Inglaterra*, the *Cabellos de Absalom*, and three or four others. These pieces, inferior to those we read, at least to the *Principe Con-*

stante, in the splendor of particular passages, are perhaps superior in their satisfying completeness. . . . I transcribe you a passage from the *Cisma de Inglaterra* — spoken by 'Carlos, Embaxador de Francia, enamorado de Ana Bolena.' Is there anything in Petrarch finer than the second stanza?" Mrs. Shelley, *Essays and Letters*, ii. 245, 246.

Medwin, *Life*, ii. 14: "But we also read a tragedy of Calderon's which, though it cannot compete with Shakespeare's *Henry the VIII.* contains more poetry — the *Cisma d' Inglaterra*. Shelley was much struck with the characteristic Fool who plays a part in it, and deals in fables, but more so with the octave stanzas (a strange metre in a drama, to choose) spoken by Carlos, enamorado di Anna Bolena, whom he had met at Paris, during her father's embassy. So much did Shelley admire these stanzas that he copied them out into one of his letters to Mrs. Gisborne, of the two last of which I append a translation marking in italics the lines corrected by Shelley."

Medwin published these stanzas with nine others in *Sketches in Hindoostan, with Other Poems*, 1821. Forman conjectures that Shelley coöperated with Medwin in the other stanzas, where no credit has been given, and this is probably true. See note on *From Dante V.*

240 *Scenes from the Faust of Goethe.* Shelley (from Pisa) to John Gisborne, January, 1822: "We have just got the etchings of *Faust*, the painter is worthy of Goethe. The meeting of him and Margaret is wonderful. It makes all the pulses of my head beat — those of my heart have been quiet long ago. The translations, both these and in *Blackwood*, are miserable. Ask Coleridge if their stupid misintelligence of the deep wisdom and harmony of the author does not spur him to action." *Fortnightly Review*, June, 1878.

Shelley (from Pisa) to John Gisborne, April 10, 1822: "I have been reading over and over again *Faust*, and always with sensations which no other

composition excites. It deepens the gloom and augments the rapidity of ideas, and would therefore seem to me an unfit study for any person who is a prey to the reproaches of memory, and the delusions of an imagination not to be restrained. And yet the pleasure of sympathizing with emotions known only to few, although they derive their sole charm from despair, and the scorn of the narrow good we can attain in our present state, seems more than to ease the pain which belongs to them. . . .

"Have you read Calderon's *Magico Prodigioso?* I find a striking similarity between *Faust* and this drama, and if I were to acknowledge Coleridge's distinction, should say Goethe was the *greatest* philosopher, and Calderon the *greatest* poet. Cyprian evidently furnished the *germ* of Faust, as Faust may furnish the germ of other poems; although it is as different from it in structure and plan as the acorn from the oak. I have — imagine my presumption — translated several scenes from both, as the basis of a paper for our journal. I am well content with those from Calderon, which in fact gave me very little trouble; but those from Faust — I feel how imperfect a representation, even with all the license I assume to figure to myself how Goethe would have written in English, my words convey. No one but Coleridge is capable of this work.

"We have seen here a translation of some scenes, and indeed the most remarkable ones, accompanying those astonishing etchings which have been published in England from a German master. It is not bad — and faithful enough — but how weak! how incompetent to represent *Faust!* I have only attempted the scenes omitted in this translation, and would send you that of the *Walpurgisnacht,* if I thought Ollier would place the postage to my account. What etchings those are! I am never satiated with looking at them; and, I fear, it is the only sort of translation of which *Faust* is susceptible. I never perfectly under-

stood the Hartz Mountain scene, until I saw the etching; and then, Margaret in the summer-house with Faust! The artist makes one envy his happiness that he can sketch such things with calmness, which I only dared look upon once, and which made my brain swim round only to touch the leaf on the opposite side of which I knew that it was figured. Whether it is that the artist has surpassed *Faust*, or that the pencil surpasses language in some subjects, I know not, or that I am more affected by a visible image, but the etching certainly excited me far more than the poem it illustrated. Do you remember the fifty-fourth letter of the first part of the *Nouvelle Héloïse?* Goethe, in a subsequent scene, evidently had that letter in his mind, and this etching is an idealism of it. So much for the world of shadows!" Mrs. Shelley, *Essays and Letters*, ii. 336–338.

TEXT: 38 *would certainly* 1824.

47 *beastily* $1839^{2},^{1}$.

Scene II., Hunt (?), Note, *The Liberal*, 1822: "A few passages were not filled up in the manuscript; and one or two others, perhaps of a like nature, have been omitted, not out of an idle squeamishness, but that the true spirit of them might not be mistaken for want of being accompanied by the context of the whole work."

48 *frowning* ‖ *fawning* 1822.

165 *eye* 1824, 1839^{1}.

184 *is* 1822, 1824.

217 *What* omit, 1822.

254 *A* $1839^{1},^{2}$.

264 *my* omit, 1822.

275 *night* 1822.

285 PARVENU. Note. *A sort of fundholder* 1822, 1824, $1839^{1},^{2}$.

327–334 omit, $1839^{1},^{2}$. See the Note in *The Liberal* above. Forman conjectures that this is not the whole of the omitted passage as translated by Shelley.

TEXT: 355 *pond* omit Boscombe MS.
372 *sang* 1839[1,2], Rossetti, Dowden.
374 *sprang* 1839[1,2], Rossetti, Dowden.
392 *heart* 1822, 1824.

JUVENILIA

267 *Verses on a Cat.* Miss Helen Shelley to Mrs. Jefferson Hogg (no date): "I have just found the lines which I mentioned; a child's effusion about some cat, which evidently *had* a story, but it must have been before I can remember. It is in Elizabeth's handwriting, copied probably later than the composition of the lines, though the handwriting is unformed. It seems to be a tabby cat, for it has an indistinct brownish-gray coat [there was a painting of a cat on the copy]. . . . That *last* expression is, I imagine, still classical at boys' schools, and it was a favorite one of Bysshe's, which I remember from a painful fact, that one of my sisters ventured to make use of it, and was punished in some old-fashioned way, which impressed the sentence on my memory." Hogg, *Life*, i. 21, 22.

268 *Omens.* Medwin, *Shelley Papers*, p. 7: "I remember well the first of his effusions, a very German-like fragment, beginning with . . . I think he was then about fifteen."

Medwin, *Life*, i. 62: "Chatterton was then one of his great favorites; he enjoyed very much the literary forgery and successful mystification of Horace Walpole and his contemporaries; and the Immortal Child's melancholy and early fate often suggested his own. One of his earliest effusions was a fragment beginning — it was indeed almost taken from the pseudo Rowley" [Here follow the lines].

Epitaphium. Medwin, *Life*, i. 48, 49: "That he had certainly arrived at great skill in the art of versification, I think I shall be able to prove by the following specimens I kept among my treasures, which he gave me in 1808 or 9. The first is the Epitaph on Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, probably a school

task." Medwin's text reads in iv. 1 *maestis* and v. 1 *Longivus*. The corrections were made by Rossetti.

270 *In Horologium.* Medwin, *Life*, i. 49 : "The second specimen of his versification is of a totally different character, and shows a considerable precocity."

MacCarthy, *Shelley's Early Life*, p. 27 : "Something of the precocity is explained, however, and all of the originality removed, by a reference to *The Oxford Herald* of Saturday, September 16, 1809, where the following English Epigram appears : —

ON SEEING A FRENCH WATCH ROUND THE NECK OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN.

"Mark what we gain from foreign lands,
Time cannot now be said to linger, —
Allowed to lay his two rude hands
Where others *dare* not lay a finger."

It is plain that Shelley's Latin lines are simply a translation of this epigram, which he most probably saw in *The Oxford Herald*, but may have read in some other paper of the time as I distinctly recollect having met with it elsewhere when making my researches among the journals of the period."

A Dialogue. Hogg to Dawson Turner, May 30, 1834 : "I now send you a poem, or rather a rough draft of part of a poem by his hand, and from his head and heart. The papers amongst which it was found, and other circumstances, lead me to believe that it was written in 1810." Hogg, *Life*, i. 196.

TEXT : A later and revised text exists among the Esdaile MSS., but is not described except that Dowden corrects one word, as noted, from it, and gives its date, 1809. All other editions follow Hogg.

272 *To the Moonbeam.* Shelley (from Field Place) to Hogg, May 17, 1811 : "[The poem is first given.] There is rhapsody ! Now, I think, after this, you ought to send me some poetry." Hogg, *Life*, i. 378.

TEXT : A later and revised text exists among the Esdaile MSS., but is not described except, as before, Dow-

den corrects one word, as noted, from it, and gives the date September 23, 1809. All other editions follow Hogg.

273 *The Solitary.* From the Boscombe MSS., through Garnett.

TEXT: ii. 2 *brothers'*, Rossetti. As Dowden does not sustain the reading, it may be presumed to be an emendation of Rossetti's.

274 *To Death.* Hogg, *Life*, i. 198, 199: "The following unfinished verses were written at Oxford."

TEXT: A later and revised text, containing twenty additional lines, exists among the Esdaile MSS., but has not been described except that, as before, Dowden corrects one word, as noted, from it. Other editions follow Hogg except that Rossetti reads ii. 7 *fade;* 20 *buds.*

276 *Love's Rose.* Shelley to Hogg, no date [June, 1811?]: "I transcribe for you a strange medley of maddened stuff, which I wrote by the midnight moon last night. [Here follow *To a Star* and *Love's Rose.*] *Ohe! jam satis dementiæ!* I hear you exclaim." Hogg, i. 397, 398.

TEXT: A later and revised text, with the date 1810, is mentioned, but not described, by Dowden, except that, as before, he corrects one line, as noted. Other editions follow Hogg except that Rossetti reads in ii. 2 *while* and encloses 4 in parentheses.

277 *Eyes.* From the Boscombe MS., through Garnett.

TEXT: A later and revised MS. exists among the Esdaile MSS., but has not been described except that, as before, Dowden corrects one word from it, and says that it is a complete poem in five eight-line stanzas.

Poems from St. Irvyne; or The Rosicrucian. St. Irvyne; / or, / the Rosicrucian. / A Romance. / By / A Gentleman / of the University of Oxford. / London: / Printed for J. J. Stockdale, / 41, Pall Mall. / 1811. The romance was in MS. by April 1, 1810 (Shelley to Graham, Forman, *Shelley Library*, p. 5), was sent to

Stockdale, corrected or "fitted for the press" by him, seen by Shelley and returned November 14, 1810 (Shelley to Stockdale, *Stockdale's Budget*) advertised by December 18, and then, or immediately, published. The date of I., III., V., and VI. is conjectured by Rossetti to be 1808, and II., IV., 1809, on the evidence of Medwin, *Life*, i. 74: "This work contains several poems, some of which were written a year or two before the date of the Romance. . . . Three of them are in the metre of Walter Scott's *Helvellyn*, a poem he greatly admired."

TEXT: *Sister Rosa* viii. 4 *And a voice;* Rossetti.
St. Irvyne's Tower iv. 4 *on* Rossetti.
Bereavement. 5 *cheeks* Rossetti.
Other editions follow Shelley, 1811.

288 *Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson.* Posthumous Fragments / of / Margaret Nicholson; / Being Poems Found Amongst the Papers of that / Noted Female who attempted the Life / of the King in 1786. / Edited by / John Fitz-Victor. / Oxford: / Printed and sold by J. Munday / 1810.

Collation: Quarto. Fly-title (with blank verso) pp. 1, 2: Title (with blank verso) pp. 3, 4; *Advertisement*, pp. 5, 6; *Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson*, pp. 7–29 (with imprint, Munday, Printer, Oxford, at foot of page). Issued probably as a pamphlet.

No MS. is known. The volume was advertised as "just published, price 2s." in *The Oxford University and City Herald*, November 17, 1810, and a week later at the price of 2s. 6d. in the same paper.

Hogg (i. 260–269) narrates the origin and history of this volume at length. The material points of his account are that he found Shelley reading the proofs of some poems which were meant to be published, and advised him to burlesque them and issue them as a joke; that this plan was adopted, and the poems, revised by the two friends and ascribed on Hogg's suggestion to Peg Nicholson, a mad woman, then still

living, who had attempted the life of George III., were printed at the publishers' expense and eagerly taken up by the Oxford collegians. He adds that the first poem was not Shelley's, but was the production of a "rhymester of the day" and had been confided to him. This account is discredited by Dowden and others; the intentionally burlesque portion is thought to be confined to the *Epithalamium* in the lines referred to by Shelley below; "the rhymester" is presumed to be Hogg, and his work not the first poem but the aforesaid passage of the *Epithalamium*.

Shelley (from Oxford) to Graham, November 30, 1810: "The part of the *Epithalamium* which you mention (*i. e.* from the end of Satan's triumph) is the production of a friend's *mistress;* it had been concluded there, but she thought it abrupt and added this; it is omitted in numbers of the copies — that which I sent to my Mother of course did not contain it. I shall possibly send you the abuse to-day, but I am afraid that they will not insert it. But you mistake; the *Epithalamium* will make it sell like wildfire, and as the *Nephew* is kept a profound secret, there can arise no danger from the indelicacy of the Aunt. It sells wonderfully here, and is become the fashionable subject of discussion. . . . Of course to my Father Peg is a profound secret." Forman, *Shelley Library*, p. 12.

Montgomery, *Oxford: A Biographical Summary of Eminent Characters connected with the University:* "The ease with which Shelley composed many of the stanzas therein contained is truly astonishing. When surprised with a proof from the printers on the morning he would frequently start off his sofa exclaiming that that had been his only bed; and on being informed that the men were waiting for more copy, he would sit down and write off a few stanzas, and send them to the press without even revising or reading them. This I [Slatter] have myself witnessed." Dowden, i. 92.

TEXT: *Fragment* iii. 8 *sleep* Rossetti.

The Spectral Horseman 5 *is not* Rossetti.

303 *Stanza from a Translation of the Marseillaise Hymn.* From a letter, Shelley to Graham, no date [1810 ?], signed "Philo Basileus," in the possession of Mr. Frederic Locker-Lampson. Dowden mentions a later Esdaile MS. of the entire poem. Rossetti gives the date June, 1811.

Bigotry's Victim. Shelley (from Lincoln's Inn Fields) to Hogg, April 28, 1811: "[The poem is given first.] There it is — a mad effusion of this morning." Hogg, i. 351, 352. Dowden mentions a later revised Esdaile MS. dated 1810. TEXT: ii. 8, *o'er the* Rossetti.

305 *On an Icicle That Clung to the Grass of a Grave.* Shelley (from Field Place) to Hogg, January 6, 1811: "I enclose some poetry: [Here follows the poem.] You see the subject of the foregoing. I send it because it may amuse you." Hogg, i. 160, 161. Dowden mentions a revised Esdaile MS. dated 1809.

307 *Love.* Shelley (from London) to Hogg, May 2, 1811: "The indissoluble, sacred union of Love. [Here follows the poem.] Excuse this momentary mania." Hogg, i. 366.

308 *On a Fête at Carlton House.* Dr. Garnett obtained this fragment from the Rev. Mr. Grove, who repeated these lines from memory.

To A Star. Shelley (from Field Place) to Hogg, no date [1811]: "I transcribe for you a strange mélange of maddened stuff, which I wrote by the midnight moon last night. [Here follow the poem and *Love's Rose*]." Hogg, i. 397.

309 *To Mary, Who died in this Opinion.* One of several poems suggested by a story told Shelley by Hogg. See *Unpublished Poems.*

Shelley (from Keswick) to Miss Hitchener, November 23, 1811: "I transcribe a little poem I found this morning. It was written some time ago; but, as it appears to show what I then thought of eternal life,

I send it." *Letters from Percy Bysshe Shelley to Elizabeth Hitchener*, i. 101.

310 *A Tale of Society as it is, from Facts, 1811.* Published by Rossetti from the Hitchener MS.

Shelley (from Keswick) to Miss Hitchener, January 7, 1812: "I now send you some poetry; the subject is not fictitious. It is the overflowings of the mind this morning. [Here follows the poem, i–vii.] . . . The facts are real; that recorded in the last fragment of a stanza is literally true. The poor man said: 'None of my family ever came *to parish*, and I would starve first. I am a poor man: but I could never hold my head up after that.'" *Letters to Elizabeth Hitchener*, ii. 9–15.

TEXT: Dowden mentions a later revised Esdaile MS, of ten stanzas, from which he introduces corrections. Forman follows Rossetti.

313 *To the Republicans of North America.* From the Hitchener MS.

Shelley (from Dublin) to Miss Hitchener, February 14, 1812: "Have you heard a new republic is set up in Mexico? I have just written the following short tribute to its success. [Here follow the poem and *To Ireland*, i.] These are merely sent as lineaments in the picture of my mind. On these two topics [Mexico and Ireland] I find that I can sometimes write poetry when I feel, such as it is." *Letters to Elizabeth Hitchener*, ii. 71–74.

TEXT: Dowden mentions a later MS., with an additional stanza, and introduces corrections from it. Forman follows Rossetti.

315 *To Ireland.* From the Hitchener MS. See preceding Note. The *Fragment*, ii. is from the same letter, and is printed in the collection cited, ii. 67.

316 *On Robert Emmet's Grave.* From the Esdaile MS.

Shelley (from Tanyrallt) to Miss Hitchener, April 18, 1812: "I have written some verses on Robert Emmet which you shall see, and which I will insert in my book of poems." *Letters to Elizabeth Hitchener*, ii. 118.

317 *The Retrospect: Cwm Elan*, 1812. From the Esdaile MS.

Peacock, *Works*, iii. 402 : "Cwm Elan House was the seat of Mr. Grove, whom Shelley had visited there before his marriage in 1811. . . . At a subsequent period I stayed a day at Rhayader, for the sake of seeing this spot. It is a scene of singular beauty."

322 *Fragment of a Sonnet to Harriet.* From the Esdaile MS.

To Harriet. Forman's fragment was published from a copy made by Garnett from the Boscombe MS. Dowden publishes from the Esdaile MS.

325 *Sonnet to a Balloon laden with Knowledge.* In August, 1812, at Lynmouth, Shelley amused himself with sending off fire-balloons by air, and boxes and green bottles by water, containing his *Declaration of Rights*, and *Devil's Walk*.

Sonnet on Launching some Bottles filled with Knowledge into the Bristol Channel. See preceding Note.

326 *The Devil's Walk.* Composed at Dublin, 1812, and printed as a broadside. It was unknown until 1871, when Rossetti recovered it from the copy in the Public Record Office where it had been sent with the *Declaration of Rights* and other property of Shelley's supposed by government agents to be treasonable. For circulating it, Shelley's servant, Daniel Healey, was imprisoned for six months. See the *Fortnightly Review*, January, 1871.

TEXT : Rossetti and Forman both publish from the original, with the differences noted.

An earlier draft exists, as follows : —

Shelley (from Keswick) to Elizabeth Hitchener, January 20, 1812 : "Here follow a few stanzas which may amuse you. I was once rather fond of the Devil.

I

"The Devil went out a-walking one day,
Being tired of staying in Hell.
He dressed himself in his Sunday array ;

And the reason that he was dressed so gay
Was to cunningly pry
Whether under the sky
The affairs of Earth went well.

II

"He poked his hot nose into corners so small
One would think that the innocents there,
Poor creatures! were just doing nothing at all,
But settling some dress, or arranging some ball;
The Devil saw deeper there.

III

"He peeped in each hole, to each chamber stole,
His promising livestock to view.
Grinning applause
He just shows his claws;
And Satan laughed in the mirth of his soul
That they started with fright
From *his* ugly sight
Whose works they delighted to do.

IV

"A Parson with whom, in the house of prayer,
The Devil sate side by side,
Bawled out that, if the Devil were [there],
His presence he couldn't abide.
'Ha, ha!' thought Old Nick,
'That's a very stale trick;
For without the Devil,
O favorite of evil,
In thy carriage thou would'st not ride!

V

"He saw the Devil [? a Lawyer] a viper slay
Under his brief-covered table;
It reminded the Devil marvellously
Of the story of Cain and Abel.

VI

"Satan next saw a brainless king;
Many imps he saw near there on the wing;

In a house as hot as his own.
They flapped the black pennon, and twisted the sting,
Close to the very throne.

VII

"'Ah, ah!' cried Satan, 'the pasture is good!
My cattle will here thrive better than others!
They will have for their food
News of human blood;
They will drink the groans of the dying and dead,
And supperless never will go to bed,
Which will make them as fat as their brothers.'

VIII

"The Devil was walking in the Park,
Dressed like a Bond Street beau;
Nor, although his visage was rather dark,
And his mouth was wide, his chin came out,
And something like Castlereagh was his snout,
He might be called so-so.

XII

"Why does the Devil grin so wide,
And show the horse teeth within? —
Nine and ninety on each side,
By the clearest reckoning!

"Here the poetry ends. The fact is he saw the Prince reviewing a regiment of hussars. Well, is not this trifling?" *Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley to Elizabeth Hitchener*, ii. 25–30.

333 *Fragment of a Sonnet: Farewell to North Devon.* From the Esdaile MS.

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